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LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

IN 1828;

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE NEW-YORK OBSERVER.

New-York,

**PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN LEAVITT, 132 BROADWAY, AND CROCKER,
& BREWSTER, 47 WASHINGTON-STREET, BOSTON.**

JOHN T. WEST, PRINTER.

.....

1828.

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Sprague

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1828, in the 53d year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOHN T. WEST, of the said District has deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Letters from Europe, in 1828; First published in the New-York Observer."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

FREDERIC J. BETTS,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

A few days before the close of the last year, the writer of the following letters embarked for Europe for the benefit of his health. Just as he was on the eve of leaving the country, a much esteemed friend, one of the Editors of the New-York Observer, suggested to him the idea of furnishing, from time to time, such information as he might be able to collect, particularly of a religious kind, for the paper with which he was connected. So very rapid, however, was his tour, that he found it impracticable, while he was on land, to do any thing more in the way of writing, than to record the result of each day's observation in the form of a journal. The following letters were written on his passage from Liverpool to New-York, and were designed to be just what they would have been, had they been written at the times and places at which they are respectively dated. Having been published in the Observer, a request wholly unexpected, has been made that they should be republished in a volume. Such is the origin of this little book.

It will be seen at a glance that this is merely a book of sketches, and that any thing more was quite inconsistent with the circumstances in which it was written. The question will no doubt often be asked, "Why write another book to tell what has already been told in a hundred forms, and by men of intelligence too, who have travelled leisurely, and have had every opportunity for the most thorough observation?" The writer has gotten over this difficulty—not improbably much more easily than his readers will—by reflecting that though most other books of travels have greatly the advantage of this in the extent of the information which they contain, yet this has one advantage over them, in being so short that nobody who has a leisure evening, need be afraid to encounter it. He is willing moreover to hope that the *Christian* reader will find some things to interest him in respect to the religious state of

the countries to which these letters relate, on which most travellers have bestowed little or no attention. And last of all, he will not conceal the fact—though it is a circumstance with which the public have little to do—that he has been influenced, in no small degree, to consent to the publication, by a wish to place in the hands of some of his friends, in a durable form, a record of what he saw and experienced during one of the most interesting portions of his life.

Though he has attempted to describe nothing which he has not seen, the writer has been aided in ascertaining some historical facts, and in the more minute description of several monuments of art, by books designed for the assistance of the traveller. As those books are not now within his reach, it were not practicable, even if it were desirable, to accompany the letters with the appropriate references.

It is presumed that nobody will suspect that a regard to reputation could enter very deeply into the purpose of making such a book as this; and the writer is quite sure that it has had no influence in inducing him to give his name to the public. But inasmuch as he has been informed that these letters have been attributed extensively to a respectable gentleman, who might not feel greatly flattered by having his name connected with them, he feels that it is only an act of justice to assume the responsibility of authorship, and here to repeat, what has already been stated with his consent to the public through the medium of the New-York Observer, that the writer is

W. B. SPRAGUE.

West Springfield, Massachusetts, October 7, 1828.

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Edw. A. Hanks



LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER I.

Marseilles (harbor,) February 13, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR—I expected to have written you at a considerably earlier period than this, but you will perceive from the date of my letter, that I have not yet set my foot on *terra firma*, the delay having been occasioned by an unusually protracted passage. At length, however, by the favor of a watchful and protecting Providence, I am safe in the harbor of Marseilles. I have bid adieu, for the present, to the solitude and monotony of the ocean, and am actually in the midst (such is the situation of the harbor) of the hum and bustle of a great city. I do not suppose that my passage has been uncommonly fruitful of interesting incidents; and yet as I promised to write you early, and have nothing else to write about, you will pardon me for making it the subject of a letter.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of December 26th, I came on board the brig T——, bound to this port. A fine breeze brought us out through the Narrows, which I was ready to regard as the pledge of a rapid and prosperous voyage. As the spires of New-York gradually faded from my view, and as the Highlands of Neversink were at length obscured by the dusk of evening, I had a set of emotions which were quite new to me, when I reflected that another morning, if my life should be spared, would probably open upon my view only the sky and the

ocean. I thought then, as I have often thought since, that I could appropriate in reference to my country which I was leaving behind me, and especially the church of God established in it, the beautiful language of the Psalmist, "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces: for my brethren and my companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

But notwithstanding our voyage seemed to commence under most favorable auspices, a change of weather took place within twenty-four hours, which taught me effectually how to value a clear sky and a smooth ocean. The heavens mantled in black, the rain descending in torrents, the waves wrought into a violent commotion, presented a scene the most sublimely terrific that I had ever witnessed; and I confess it was with some difficulty that I could credit the assurances which were given me, that there was no particular reason to apprehend danger. This storm, however, was of short continuance; and when it passed off, left us with a favorable wind, which continued most of the time, though with various degrees of strength, till we had nearly the whole Atlantic behind us. On Sabbath, the sixth of January, we encountered a gale, which, in the opinion of those on board who had been conversant with a seafaring life, was one of the severest that ever swept the ocean; and in comparison with which, what *I* had before experienced, was little more than a gentle breeze. The wind from the South West had been gradually increasing during the forenoon; and at twelve o'clock, it had risen to a height, which, in connexion with the angry appearance of the clouds, seemed to

the hand which had assigned me my lot under other skies, I could not but breathe forth a prayer that their inhabitants, whom I should never see in the flesh, might be delivered from the thralldom of superstition to which they are now subject, and be brought into that liberty wherewith Christ makes his disciples free.

On the twenty-second day of our passage we made Cape Spartel, which is on the African side of the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. But when we had a fair prospect of passing the Straits within less than twenty-four hours, the wind suddenly changed into the East, and for six days we scarcely made any thing on our passage. At length the wind so far subsided that we succeeded in beating our way into and through the Straits. At the entrance, I was interested in having Cape Trafalgar pointed out to me on the Spanish side, near which the famous battle took place in which Lord Nelson lost his life. In passing through the Straits, we had a view of Tangiers on the African side—a town containing about 6000 inhabitants; and of Terriffe on the opposite side, which stands on the margin of the Straits, and is surrounded by a wall, without which there is a fort and a light-house. The coast on either side is very high, and the rocks in many places are disposed by nature in such a manner as to have the appearance of an artificial wall. We caught an indistinct view of the rock of Gibraltar about twelve miles before we reached it; but as I had no near view of it except by moonlight, I shall not attempt a description of it. Opposite the rock, on the African side, is Ape's Hill, which is nearly as high as the rock itself, and is seen from nearly an equal distance. Both the rock and

the hill were distinctly in view, while we were off the coast of Malaga, at the distance of more than sixty miles.

After passing the rock of Gibraltar, we enter the Mediterranean, which gradually expands into a broad and open sea. The Spanish coast is here, for a considerable distance, uncommonly beautiful. It is made up of a range of cloud-capt hills and fertile vallies ; and the sun shedding his effulgence over them, as we passed, gave them the mixed appearance of azure and gold. We had a long passage up the Mediterranean, being no less than twenty-six days from our making Cape Spartel to our arrival in this harbor. We were nearly a week in passing the gulf of Lyons, a distance of about one hundred miles, which is said to be more distinguished for the prevalence of high winds than any other part of the Mediterranean ; and so common is it for vessels to be driven back even from the farther limit of the gulf, that my Captain would scarcely allow me to talk of favorable prospects till we were so far within the harbor that a change of wind could not materially affect us. The French coast, as we approach it, presents a very gradual ascent from the left. about sixteen miles, till it rises into the highlands of Marseilles. One of the first objects which catches the eye is Notre Dame de la Garde, an ancient building, used both as a fort and a church, which occupies an eminence that overlooks the whole city. On coming nearer the harbor, we have a view of the Islands of Pomègue, Ratoneau, and Chateau d'If, which are situated near the town, and are composed almost entirely of rock. The suburbs of the city are visible at the distance of eight or ten miles ; but we have scarcely any view of the city itself, till the moment we enter

the harbor, which is in the midst of the city, it bursts upon us as if by enchantment. We cast anchor about one o'clock yesterday, and though we are within speaking distance of thousands of people, we are destined to go through the formality of a two days' quarantine, and of course have not yet been ashore. The harbor is certainly the most beautiful that I have ever seen ; and I believe it exhibits, at this time, the flags of every nation. The part of the town which immediately surrounds the harbor, and of which alone I have yet had a view, is very ancient in its appearance, and forms a striking contrast to many fine cities on the other side of the Atlantic. I understand, however, that this is quite the poorest part of the city, and that there are other portions of it which are both neat and elegant.

You will not be surprised when I say that I greet with no small delight the prospect of setting my foot on land to-morrow. You perceive that our passage on the whole has been a dull one ; and in respect to weather, I imagine it has furnished me with a pretty fair epitome of a sailor's life. We have been enveloped in fogs, relaxed by heat, chilled by cold, drenched by waves, pelted by hail, and stunned by thunder ; have had fair weather, and cloudy weather, and stormy weather ; favorable winds, and head winds, and no wind ; in short, every variety, from the most furious gale, in which is a perfect war of elements, to the most dead calm, in which not a breath of air ruffles the ocean. While I have much reason to be thankful for the beneficial effect which seems to have been produced by this part of my voyage on my health, I firmly believe, that if I ever reach home, I shall have made my first and last long excursion on the water.

It gives me great pleasure to add, that the moral conduct of the officers and crew, so far as it came under my observation, was, in general, exemplary. On the evening after we left New-York, I was particularly gratified to hear the Captain forbid the use of profane language, and so far as I know, the prohibition was generally observed. I have distributed a considerable number of Tracts among the sailors during the passage, which have been received thankfully, and, I believe, perused diligently. We have also, when the weather would admit, frequently assembled on deck for an evening prayer. It was an exercise in which all seemed to be interested; and I can truly say, that I never bowed the knee at a throne of grace in circumstances better fitted to awaken a sense of dependence, and to cherish a sublime devotion, than while I have been surrounded with the wonders of the deep, with but a single step between me and eternity.

With the leave of Providence, I shall write you again shortly; and in the mean time, am, with much respect and affection,

Dear Sir, yours truly.

LETTER II.

Marseilles, February 18, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—As it is my intention, from time to time, to advise you of the progress of my journey, and to communicate such information as I may be able to collect in respect to the state of the country, I wish here to say, at the outset, that my remarks must necessarily be of a very general and miscellaneous character. As I shall remain

but a short time in a place, I shall not attempt even a general description of *all* the objects of interest which may fall in my way, nor a very minute description of *any* of them ; but shall endeavor simply to give you a brief account of those in which I am most interested. It will be my purpose to guard, so far as possible, against stating any thing of an equivocal character ; and yet, with all the caution which I may be able to use, I can scarcely hope that I shall entirely avoid this very common error of travellers.

Marseilles is divided into two parts, the old town and the new. The buildings are generally of remarkable height, and are made of a species of free stone peculiar to the country, which is said to be wrought with nearly as much ease as wood, and, when wrought, constantly to become harder by time. While many of the buildings in the old town bear marks of great antiquity, and some are almost dilapidated, those of the new are generally in modern style, and in good taste. The town was formerly surrounded with ramparts ; but these have been converted into magnificent boulevards, or fine streets, which afford delightful walks into every part of it. The entrance is by a beautiful street, called Le Cours, the middle of which forms a shaded alley, and extends in a straight line to the centre of the town ; and thence in the same direction to the opposite extremity, under the name of Rue de Rome. This street is celebrated as being among the finest in France ; and in the warm season, particularly, it is said to attract crowds by the beauty and richness of the foliage which overspreads it.

There are several interesting public buildings here, most of which I have visited. Of these, the Hotel de Ville is

commonly considered the most remarkable. It was constructed by the celebrated Pujet, a native of this city, and one of the most distinguished artists of his day. The front of the building is in a noble style of architecture, and is ornamented with handsome reliefs in white marble. The lower floor is occupied as an exchange. Opposite the principal stair-case is a marble statue of Peter Bayon, who is celebrated as the deliverer of Marseilles, having, in the time of the Consuls, killed the oppressor of the city between two gates. This monument is inscribed, *a Pierre Liberté*; and was erected by the inhabitants to transmit to posterity the remembrance of this heroic action.

Notwithstanding Marseilles was settled at a very early period, and holds a conspicuous place in the history of ancient classical learning, yet, owing to the many revolutions it has experienced, it can boast of comparatively few monuments of antiquity. There are, however, in the old town several ancient dwellings still standing, which tradition decides to have been among the very first built by the Phocians, on their settlement of the country, five hundred years before the Christian era. One of these buildings is fabled to be haunted, and on that account has been deserted of its inhabitants. In the same neighborhood are several ancient churches, which are magnificent specimens of Gothic architecture. In the church of St. Laurent I found a large collection of females, of different ages, performing in Patawa, (a language compounded of Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian) a service preparatory to their communion. Near this is the church called La Major, which was formerly the temple of Diana, and was converted into a Christian church

about A. D. 800. The spot was pointed out to me at the entrance of the building, where the heathen offered sacrifices to their gods; and also a piece of sculpture representing an urn, in which they deposited the ashes of their dead. The organ in this church is of immense power, and is said to be one of the finest in Europe. The church Des Grande Carmes is another stupendous monument of ancient architecture. Around this church, as my friend informed me, now live the children of those who composed the mob that went from this city to Paris, during the revolution, and murdered Louis XVI. In the vicinity of these churches is the famous gateway through which Julius Cæsar passed when he left the city. The arch remains in its original state; and there is also still standing part of the ancient wall, on which the men of the city stood, and threw down upon Cæsar's army stones, with which they were supplied by the women who were standing behind the rampart. The road by which Cæsar's army approached the city, and the spot on which they encamped, are professedly pointed out with great accuracy. This part of the city has interested me exceedingly, being particularly fruitful in historical and classical associations.

Of the other relics of antiquity which I have visited, one of the most interesting is the abbey of St. Victor, one of the most ancient establishments of the kind in France, and which has been successively occupied at different periods, as a church and a fort, to the present time. It was a fortification at the period of the Roman revolution; and there are still to be seen in the walls the places from which the Romans discharged their arrows at the inhabitants of the

city. Near this are the remains of Fort St. Nicholas, which was converted by Louis XIV into a citadel, and which was destroyed during the French revolution by a mob, headed by Bernadotte, then a Sergeant, now the King of Sweden. Nearly a mile South of the town is Notre Dame de la Garde, which I have already noticed as one of the first objects that are visible in approaching the harbor. It not only overlooks the whole city, with its beautiful suburbs, but furnishes a delightful view of the harbor, the surrounding islands, and mountains, and vallies, and waters of the Mediterranean, as far as the eye can reach. The ascent for about a quarter of a mile before reaching the summit of the hill on which Notre Dame stands, is very steep; and for a considerable distance the steps are hewn out of solid rock. I regretted that I happened to arrive at an hour when the church was shut; but the ascent is so steep, that the walk is quite too serious a matter for me to attempt to repeat. In this church I am told there is a great variety of candles, some of them of immense size, which have been deposited by the votaries of superstition in fulfilment of vows which they have made to the Virgin Mary, when in distress at sea.

One of the noblest public establishments here is the Lazaretto, situated on the coast a short distance to the North-West of the town, which I understand originated in the prevalence of the plague in 1720, which swept off half the population of the city. So strict are its regulations, that no stranger is permitted to enter it; and even the provisions which are brought to it are deposited at the entrance, and the money which is paid for them is received in vinegar. The same kind of caution is observed in respect to all com-

munication between vessels in quarantine and the pratique (or health) office. The master of the vessel is obliged to go to this office, soon after casting anchor in the harbor ; but he can only go in a boat before the door of the building, which lies on the margin of the water, and hold conversation through an iron grate ; and whatever letters or parcels he may choose to deliver while in quarantine, are passed through this grate, and thoroughly drenched in vinegar. So rigid are the sanitary laws, that it is said that the arrival of a vessel, which is known to be infected with contagion, excites no apprehension ; and instances have occurred in which vessels have been received here without hesitation, to which no other port was open in the Mediterranean.

In respect to the moral and religious state of Marseilles, I have scarcely been able to learn any thing, which is not fitted to make the heart of Christian benevolence bleed. The population of the city is supposed to be about one hundred and twenty thousand ; and it is estimated that not more than one thousand, or at the extent, fifteen hundred, are Protestants. From all that I can learn of the Catholic population, (and I suppose the remark need not be confined to Marseilles) I should think that with few exceptions, it might be divided into three classes. In the first class, I would rank the more intelligent and thinking part of the community, who, I doubt not, are generally infidels. Their connexion with the church is a mere matter of convenience ; and I understand that they hesitate not, as opportunity offers, to make its superstitious observances the theme of ridicule. Of the character of the priests here, as compared with that of the Catholic clergy in general, I have no particular

knowledge. A circumstance, however, occurred in one of my walks a day or two since, which would lead me to suppose that one of them at least, could not lay claim to any great moral superiority. As I was approaching the door of one of the hospitals, two dead bodies were brought out of it, and carried into an adjacent church, where the burial service was to be performed. I immediately went with my friend who accompanied me, within the door, to witness the solemnity. After the bodies were laid down in the aisle, the priest, standing at a little distance from them, repeated with the utmost rapidity a form of prayer, during which he not only manifested an air of shocking indifference, but actually looked at us and laughed! I could scarcely have credited the report of my senses, if my friend had not noticed it as well as myself. In the second of the three classes of Catholics to which I have referred, may be included those (I fear a comparatively small number, and principally in the humbler walks of life,) whose devotion does not terminate on sensible objects, and who have really spiritual views of religion;—persons, who, though they will suffer loss on account of the superstitious rites to which they submit, will nevertheless be saved, so as by fire. The third and much the largest class, I suppose to consist of those who make their religion an apology for their wickedness; in other words, who, by submitting to a round of foolish ceremonies, imagine that they thereby purchase the privilege of sinning with impunity. I have observed much less of the appearance of devotion in these churches, than in Catholic churches which I have occasionally visited in our own country. I have noticed a few

instances in which the attention of the person who was kneeling before the image was not at all diverted by another's approach ; but with few exceptions, the opening of the door has been enough to turn the head of the devotee, after which his chief business has seemed to be in gazing at the person who had entered.

There is but one Protestant church in this city, though it is under the care of two ministers. I regret to learn that the moral habits of the Protestants do not differ materially from those of the Catholics ; that both mingle together in making the afternoon of the Sabbath a season of sport, in attending parties of pleasure, balls, the Theatre, &c. The Protestants have only one religious service on the Sabbath, and that commences at twelve o'clock. I attended their church yesterday, but my knowledge of the French language was too imperfect to enable me to form a very definite opinion of the service. The *manner* of the preacher, however, was graceful and elegant, and well calculated to give effect to the sentiments which he uttered. I understand that he was a student of the Genevan school ; and that the form of prayer which he read, is that adopted by the Genevan church. In the afternoon I met a small congregation consisting principally of English and American masters of vessels, and held a religious service with them in a private dwelling. I was gratified to find that there were among them several men of decided piety, whose religion does not desert them amidst the temptations of foreign countries. One of them informed me that he had the Bethel flag raised in the morning, and that he was uniformly in the habit of having public worship celebrated on board his vessel on

the Sabbath, unless it was absolutely impracticable. I never felt more sensibly than in this interview, that the church of God is one ; and that the disciples of Christ in all lands have a delightful community of interest and feeling.

It has happened that my visit here has been during the period of the Carnival ; a season which, in Catholic countries, is devoted to festivity and amusement. During this period, it is customary for all classes to appear, particularly at their places of amusement, in masks. In this disguised habit, it is understood that any person is at liberty to accost you in the most rude and indecent manner, and you are obliged to submit to his impudence. Every evening there are masked processions parading the streets, sometimes accompanied by instrumental music, whose object seems to be, not only by their masks, but by every variety of strange noise, and odd gesture, to render themselves as ridiculous as possible. The Carnival is immediately followed by Lent, when there is a sudden transition from *feasting* to *fasting*, and the sons and daughters of music are brought low, and the season of amusement is considered as closed. Were I an inhabitant of this country, judging from what I have seen of the manner in which these holidays are passed, I should wish, if the Carnival *must* exist, that its returns might be few and far between.

The climate of this place quite answers the favorable expectation which I had formed of it. With the exception of now and then a piercing North-West wind, the weather is mild and pleasant, much resembling the beginning of our May. The winter hitherto has been considered, for the most part, as unusually mild even for this climate ; though,

for a few days past, I observe the inhabitants are complaining of cold weather.

I am, Dear Sir, as ever, yours truly.

LETTER III.

Nismes, February 19, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—Yesterday, at one o'clock, P. M. I took my seat in the Diligence, the common stage-coach of the country, and arrived at this place about ten this morning. The Diligence is a large, unwieldy vehicle, containing three different apartments for the accommodation of travellers, beside having seats on the outside, which, in pleasant weather, furnish a fine opportunity of seeing the country. The business of the driver is simply the management of his horses ; while there is another person, called the *conductor*, whose office it is to take care of the luggage, and to render all necessary attentions to the passengers. At the end of his route, the conductor receives a small consideration from each passenger, which is not included in the regular stage fare.

The first town of much importance which I passed, after leaving Marseilles, was Aix, (the ancient *Aquæ Sextæ*,) which is situated on the river Arc, a short distance to the West of the calcarious mountain of Saint Victoire. The principal street in the town is planted with four rows of elms, and is decorated with three fountains, one of which is supplied with water from a hot spring. The town contains about 20,000 inhabitants ; has an unusually magnificent appearance, and is said to be inhabited by some of the most elegant society in France. After leaving Aix, I passed

Lambesc and Orgon, towns of considerable importance, but the night prevented me from seeing either of them. At daylight, I found myself at Tarascon, once a celebrated city, the residence of a Roman prefect, and the capital of Gaul, though it retains scarcely a vestige of its ancient splendor. Here we crossed the river Rhone on a bridge of boats, and immediately came into Beaucaire, a place of about 8,000 inhabitants, at which is annually held one of the greatest fairs in Europe. In a vast meadow that lies upon the banks of the Rhone, there is built, every year, a temporary city, for the accommodation of the tens of thousands who throng to the fair from almost every country in Europe, and even from Asia and Africa. Passing from Beaucaire, the country becomes increasingly fertile and beautiful. On either side of the street are groves of olive trees, disposed in regular order, and extending several miles without interruption ; and on the left hand are to be seen several fine villages, which are apparently situated in an immense garden, and which, with the waters of the Rhone rolling near them, give to the surrounding scenery almost an air of enchantment. On approaching this place, one of the first objects that presents itself to the eye is the *Tour Magne*, the remains of a piece of Roman architecture, which stands on an eminence in the back part of the town, and which is one of the most interesting antiquities which it contains. It is in the form of a pyramid, and has several stories, to which access is gained by a winding stair-case. The original destination of this edifice is a matter of dispute among learned men, having been considered alternately as a public treasury, a light-house, and a mausoleum.

Nismes is distinguished for its monuments of Roman antiquity above any other town in France, and with the exception of Rome, perhaps, above any in the world. One of the most celebrated of these monuments, and one of the best preserved works of the kind in existence, is the Amphitheatre. It is of an elliptical form, and is built of stones of an immense size. Its height is about 70 feet; its greatest diameter, 440; its smallest, 320; and its circumference, 1,100. It is said to have contained upwards of 20,000 people. The interior is formed by two circular galleries, one above the other, each composed of sixty arcades. There are four large doors which open into the area, fronting the four cardinal points. The number of seats, which is said originally to have been thirty-two, is now reduced to seventeen, and in some parts of the building it is even less than twelve. They are about twenty inches broad, and so high as not to be passed without difficulty. In this building were exhibited the gladiatorial shows, and other sanguinary sports of the Romans, in the presence of an immense crowd of matrons, knights, and citizens of every class. This extraordinary edifice seems at present to have no particular destination, but only stands as a curious relic of other ages, and a monument of the depravity of man.

On leaving the Amphitheatre, I visited the *Maison Carree*, or square-house, so called on account of its form, which is commonly supposed by the learned to have been a temple built in honor of Caius and Lucius Cæsar, the two adopted sons of Augustus; though others have maintained that it was the house of one of the Roman prætors. The length of this building is 77 feet, its breadth 38, and its height 64.

The entrance is by a magnificent portico, composed of six Corinthian columns in front, and three on each side. The columns, thirty in number, are continued along the building, and are considered admirable specimens of sculpture and architecture. The interior is all in one room, and contains a museum consisting of some of the finest specimens of ancient and modern painting and sculpture, besides a great number of antiquities of various kinds, most of which have been dug up in the vicinity of the building. This magnificent edifice has been used at different periods, as a Hotel de Ville, as stables, and as a church ; at present it seems to have no other destination than the one which I have mentioned.

Another of the most interesting objects which Nismes presents, is its beautiful fountain, celebrated from a period of remote antiquity. It rises in a basin situated in one of the calcarious hills that surround the town : its diameter is about 70 feet, and its depth 24. The water issues from its centre, and often with great force : its bottom is covered with a calcarious gravel ; and its banks adorned with numerous plants, which are arranged in such a manner as to present the beauties both of nature and art in most attractive combination. The side of the hill at the foot of which the fountain is situated, is also enamelled with most luxuriant shrubbery, amidst which there is a winding path which conducts to the Tour Magne, which occupies its summit. At a short distance from the fountain stands the temple of Diana, in which there is also a large collection of ancient ruins. It is built of stones of an enormous size, and is supposed to have been about 150 feet in length, and

50 in breadth. The interior of the edifice is, for the most part, in a state of ruin ; though the place in which the orator stood, corresponding to our desk, remains almost entire. Still another monument of antiquity, not far distant from this, is the *Porte de Cæsar*, or the Roman gate, which was discovered in 1791. It consists of four arches, and contains an inscription from which it appears that Nismes is indebted both for its gates and walls to Augustus Cæsar.

The modern town of Nismes contains nothing of very great interest. Its population is about 40,000. Its streets are for the most part irregular, and its buildings both public and private quite inferior to those of Marseilles. In the Cathedral is to be seen the tomb of the celebrated sacred orator Flechier. This too is the birth-place of the eloquent Saurin, but the particular spot of his nativity I have not been able to ascertain.

A large proportion of the population of Nismes is Protestant ; indeed this is regarded as one of the strong holds of Protestantism in France. There are two churches here, and seven ministers, who officiate by rotation. I am informed that there is considerable diversity in their religious views, some of them being decidedly Unitarian, one or two quite evangelical, and others supposed to be unsettled. This state of things must, of course, have a most paralyzing influence on the interests of vital piety ; and I am told that the fact is, as might be expected, that the number of those who give evidence of being followers of Christ, is very small. I have had the pleasure of meeting here with a Mr. C——, an English missionary of the Wesleyan connexion in whom I have been much interested. He resides a short distance

from this place, and by his private and public labors, seems to be exerting a salutary and extensive influence in this region. He informs me that every thing indicates that this country is on the eve of a great religious revolution; that several Catholic priests have lately become Protestants, and some of them appear eminently pious; that religion is beginning to find its way among the lower classes, and that to many of them the Gospel has already been the power of God. Mr. C., I learn, is regarded with great jealousy by the anti-evangelical part of the clergy, while those of a different character cordially welcome him to the field of their labors. The circulation of religious Tracts in this part of the country seems to have been attended with a signal blessing; and to be relied upon as one of the principal means, after the preaching of the Gospel, by which the reigning spiritual lethargy is to be broken up.

I have had great pleasure to-day in an introduction to the family of Col. V., an Irish gentleman, who is residing here on account of the health of his wife. Such a union of intelligence, hospitality, and piety, as this family presents, is not often met with even in more favored regions; but here, several thousand miles from home, and exiled as I am, in a great measure, from society, by my ignorance of the language, it has seemed to me indeed like finding a green spot in the wilderness. I would gladly linger here several days with this charming family, if the delay would not interfere with the more distant arrangements of my journey.

I am, my Dear Sir, very respectfully and truly yours.

LETTER IV.

Lyons, February 23, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—My journey from Nismes to this place was performed in about thirty-six hours. One of the most interesting objects that I have seen, and one of the most stupendous monuments of Roman antiquity in existence, is the Pont du Gard, distant from Nismes about twelve miles. It is an immense aqueduct, more than 170 feet high, and nearly 730 long, and is composed of three rows of arches, one above another ; the lower row consists of three arches, the middle row of eleven, and the upper row of thirty-five. It is said to have been built by a Roman colony, to convey water from one mountain to another.

The country from Nismes to Lyons is generally in a state of high cultivation ; and its scenery, though not greatly diversified, is much of it rich and beautiful. For a considerable part of the way, you have on one side, distant a few miles, the Vivieres, a fine range of mountains ; and on the other, though at a much greater distance, the Alps. There are many handsome villages on the road, containing from one to five or six thousand inhabitants ; but most of them are so similar in their appearance, that they scarcely admit of being very distinctly described by a cursory observer. I was, however, particularly interested in Montelimart, a walled town which has four gates corresponding to the four cardinal points. It is surrounded by mountains, which form a circle, having the Rhone for its chord. It was the first town in France in which the reformed religion was preached and established, and some of its most respectable families

are still Protestants. But the most important towns on my route have been Valence and Vienne ; and as the Diligence stopped an hour at each place, I had an opportunity of seeing what was most interesting in each of them. Valence is situated on the acclivity of a small hill, which rises in the midst of a fertile valley. Its population is about 15,000 ; its streets are narrow, and its general appearance rather uninteresting. It has a modern citadel, which is a fine building, and the only one particularly deserving of notice. Vienne, which is about fifteen miles from Lyons, is more interesting, both on account of its historical associations and its present appearance. It stands on the Rhone, on an extended amphitheatre, and has been always celebrated for the beauty of its situation. Though it is bereft of its ancient grandeur, the traces of what it was are still to be seen in its splendid ruins ; yet I had to regret that my limited time prevented my examining them minutely. There is here an ancient arch, supposed to have been a gate of triumph ; but its origin is not *known*. Here also there is a curious monument, known by the name of *plan de l'aiguille*, which is said to be the cenotaph of a Roman emperor ; but I believe this opinion is nothing better than conjecture. There are also the remains of a square building much like the celebrated one at Nismes, which is thought by some to have been a temple dedicated to Augustus. Fort Solomon was pointed out to me, a Gothic building, in which Pilate is said to have been imprisoned, when he was banished by Tiberius into Gaul. The very rock is professedly shown, from which he threw himself into the Rhone ; but I suppose that little credit is to be attached to

the tradition. I should not omit to notice the Cathedral in this place, which is the most magnificent building of the kind that I have yet seen. The ascent into it is by twenty-eight steps; and the interior, as well as the exterior, while it is comparatively simple, is yet uncommonly beautiful.

After leaving Vienne, the country becomes quite hilly, and the scenery in some places is highly picturesque. For several miles before we reached Lyons, we had a fine view, not only of the city, but of its beautiful and extensive environs. The city itself is situated between the two rivers, Rhone and Saone, though I should hardly suppose that the larger part of the population of what is commonly called Lyons is included within these limits. On entering the town, a stranger is struck with its gloomy appearance, the light of the sun being in a great measure excluded from it by its high buildings and narrow streets; and this feeling is rather heightened by the contrast which is exhibited to the magnificent appearance which the town presents in approaching it. Lyons is said at this time to contain a population of 220,000, and to be more rapidly increasing than any other town in France. Its manufactures, which consist principally of silk of various kinds, while they give employment to a large part of its population, are a source of immense and constantly increasing wealth.

Of the public buildings of this city, one of the most interesting is the *Palais du Gouvernement*, or *Hotel de Ville*, which is considered as the finest edifice of the kind in Europe, with the exception of that at Amsterdam. The principal entrance of the building is adorned by a bronze tablet, on which is engraven the harangue which the Emperor

Claudius made in the Roman Senate in favor of Lyons. The halls are decorated with many beautiful paintings; the front, the grand staircase, and the court, exhibit a truly magnificent appearance; and the whole building, as a specimen of architecture, certainly deserves much admiration. The Great Hospital is another noble building, and of its kind is said to be the finest in France. It presents an immense front of the Ionic order along the quay of the Rhone; and on the pavilion in the middle is a spacious dome, crowned with the emblems of physic, and commanding a noble view of the whole establishment. The Cathedral, which stands on the other side of the Saone, and is not, strictly speaking, in the city of Lyons, is a noble piece of Gothic architecture, though it struck me as less elegant, as well as less simple, than the one at Vienne. It contains a clock, which is a work of astonishing complexity. There are several fine bridges here, both over the Rhone and Saone, though only one built of stone, and that remarkable rather for its solidity than beauty. The quays on both sides of the city are uncommonly beautiful, and present to the eye a continued range of superb buildings. There are also several fine public walks, the most magnificent of which is the *Place de Belle Cour*, which is one thousand feet in length, by six hundred and fifty in breadth. On two sides of the area are rows of most splendid buildings, of a uniform appearance, while the middle is adorned by an equestrian statue of Louis XIV, in bronze, which is said to have cost two hundred thousand dollars. The most opulent of the inhabitants reside in this part of the city.

But of all the objects which have gratified my curiosity in

Lyons, the church of St. Irenæus has certainly the highest place. As my stay here, as in other places, was to be short, my friend who selected for me the objects which I should visit, advised me not to think of going to this church, on account of its being so far distant that the visit must consume too much of my time ; but the interest which I felt in seeing it on account of the sacredness of its associations, led me to give up other interesting objects for the sake of this. It is, as I am informed, the very church in which Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, and a celebrated father in the Christian church, preached, and near which he suffered martyrdom with many thousands of others in the third century. It stands on a high hill where stood the ancient city of Lyons, which, according to Seneca, was in one night reduced to ashes by lightning. A very long and steep ascent conducts to it ; insomuch that a person of whom I had occasion to inquire the way as I was ascending the hill, exclaimed with an air of surprise, "*Oh montez, montez, montez, montez, toujours montez ;*" [Oh, go up, go up, go up, go up, still go up ;] as if he had supposed that my ever reaching the spot, was rather a hopeless matter. I however persevered in my walk, and at length arrived at the church which had been the object of my inquiry. It is a small stone building, and has nothing striking about it, except that its appearance indicates great antiquity. I had scarcely entered the building before I was admonished by a chill, of the danger of remaining in so cold and damp an atmosphere, while I was in a violent perspiration from my walk, and immediately left the church, reflecting that apart from the association of St. Irenæus, it was an object no way worthy the pains and

fatigue which it had cost me to see it. As, however, I passed out of the door, I observed a gate at my right, which opened into a small enclosure which was connected with the *Place de Calvaire*, in which were deposited the bones of Irenæus, and the noble army of martyrs who suffered with him. In the wall of this enclosure are fixed twelve monuments, containing in exquisite bas relief, a representation of our blessed Lord, in as many different situations, a little before his death. At the end of the enclosure is a representation of the crucifixion. On a large marble pedestal are three crosses, to which Christ and the two thieves are fixed as large as life. Immediately in front stands the mother of our Lord, looking towards the expiring Saviour with her hands clasped, as if in agony ; while on one side of her stands the beloved John to whose affectionate attention the Saviour commends her, and on the other another personage whom I supposed also to be a disciple. The representation was so perfectly true to nature, and so fitted to convey the impression of agony, that after gazing at it a moment, I turned almost involuntarily to come away ; but at that moment, I happened to observe a flight of steps leading to an under-ground room, directly beneath the spot on which the suffering Saviour is represented. It instantly occurred to me that this might be intended to represent the holy sepulchre ; and on casting my eye to an inscription on the door, I perceived that I was right in the conjecture. As the door was open, I determined to descend the steps, and see whither they would conduct me. The descent was long but gradual ; and on reaching the bottom, I found myself in a long stone vault, at the end of which I saw, by the dim

twilight that pervaded the room, something that had the appearance of a corpse, and which I supposed to be a representation of the dead body of Jesus. On approaching it I found that it was indeed so. It was wrought in marble, was lying in the attitude of a corpse partly covered with flowers as the women had left it, and with the very same countenance which I had just seen upon the cross, except that in the one case there was the impression of agony, in the other that of death. Before it, was kneeling a living woman, who seemed entirely absorbed in devotion; and though I stood directly by the side of her, her attention was apparently not diverted, even for an instant. I gazed a moment at the spectacle, and the effect of it, aided as it was by the sepulchral gloom in which it was seen, was almost enough to overwhelm me. With a set of feelings which I never had before, I could scarcely repress the exclamation, "How dreadful is this place;" and I came away with a full impression that I had never witnessed any thing fitted to make an appeal to the imagination equally irresistible and overpowering. But I was not a little surprised, on returning to the city, to hear my friend who had directed me to this interesting spot, remark, that though he had been a resident of Lyons during nearly his whole life, he had never yet seen the church of St. Irenæus.

In respect to the religious state of this city, I am happy to learn that its prospects are increasingly favorable. I am not able to ascertain the exact number of Protestants, though it is very considerable, and I am told, is constantly increasing. There are two Protestant churches, both of which are said to be in a tolerably flourishing condition.

There are also one or more private circles for prayer and religious conversation, which meet weekly; and among them are to be found several Catholics. A gentleman who had been present at one of these meetings, assured me that it was interesting beyond what he could express; and he seemed to regard it as a pledge that a brighter day is soon to dawn on the deluded population of this great city. He states that there is here already evidently a stirring in the valley of vision; and he believes that we may reasonably anticipate the time as not far distant, when a multitude of souls shall be seen standing up in the ranks of spiritual life, to testify to the power and grace of God their Redeemer.

I am, Dear Sir, as ever, yours truly.

LETTER V.

Geneva, February 27, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I have turned aside a little, as you will perceive, from my direct course to Paris, in order to visit this far-famed city; the cradle of Protestantism, the nursery of learning, and the residence of some of the most distinguished men whom the world has seen. And I am happy to say, after spending two or three days here, that I have not been at all disappointed in respect to the object of my visit. I have indeed seen much to deplore; for it is well known that, in a moral and religious point of view, the glory of Geneva has departed, and you walk only amidst the wrecks of her former greatness: but notwithstanding this degeneracy, it is a spot to which the heart of every Protestant must be attached by some of the most interesting associations. I confess to you, as I have walked over this

ground with which the ashes of illustrious men of other days have mingled, and as I have lingered in these churches in which Calvin and his coadjutors blew the trump of the Reformation, an air of sacredness has come over my feelings which I should not find it easy to describe. If it has been *partly* a superstitious feeling, I am sure it has been *principally* a rational veneration for the characters of men whose names will ever be dear to the church of God, though their spirits have long since ascended to heaven.

I left Lyons on Friday last, in the Diligence, and reached this place after a journey of about twenty-four hours. The appearance of the country on this route has been more diversified than that of any part of France which I have yet seen. There has been a pleasant variety of hills, and vallies, and rivers, and villages; while the distant Alps, lifting themselves among the clouds, have presented an aspect of natural grandeur which to me is quite unparalleled. The most considerable town through which I have passed is Nantua, situated in a pass of Mont Jura, at the extremity of a lake of the same name, and containing about 3000 inhabitants. Charles the Bald is said to have been poisoned here, after crossing the Alps in the ninth century. At Belle Garde, we stopped to visit the spot where the Rhone loses itself for a considerable distance, under ground. It disappears with a prodigious noise among the rocks, and, after a subterranean passage of nine hundred feet, appears again, not as the impetuous torrent which was engulfed, but as a majestic river. On leaving Belle Garde, we ascend the right bank of the Rhone, as it winds its way along the steep base of Mont Jura. Here is the narrow passage described

by Julius Cæsar in the first book of his Commentaries. In the midst of this narrow road stands the fort of L'Ecluse, one of the ancient fortifications of Savoy, which is suspended over the river, flanked by a vertical rock, and confined between two ravines of immense depth. It is not known when or by whom it was originally built, though it is said that the inhabitants attribute to it a very ancient and honorable origin. It was destroyed by the Austrian army in 1814, but has since been rebuilt. Soon after leaving this fort, the country becomes level ; we have Mont Jura behind us, and the valley of Geneva opens upon the eye in a beautiful and extended landscape. A mile or two from this place, we had a partial view of Ferney, distant hence about five miles, famous for having long been the residence of Voltaire. We also, just before our entrance into the city, passed the *Chateau des Delices*, an old but magnificent building, in which this apostle of infidelity, for some time, resided. I was exceedingly rejoiced to find myself within the gates of the city, not only because I had anticipated my visit here with great interest, but because I was excessively wearied with my journey ; and the more so, as I was obliged to converse continually with my fellow passengers, and my limited knowledge of French rendered a constant effort necessary, in order either to understand them, or to make myself understood.

On Sabbath morning, I attended public worship at the Chapel connected with the Hospital, and heard an evangelical sermon from Mr. G. an Episcopal clergyman, of York, England. The congregation I should think, might have consisted of 150 persons, who, I was informed, were chiefly

English, though there were among them a few Genevese. I took the liberty at the close of the service, to introduce myself to the preacher ; and when I expressed to him my satisfaction on hearing in Geneva the truths which he had been preaching, he replied that he was happy not only that those truths were preached there, but that they were approved and relished by a large part of his hearers. In the afternoon, I attended a French service at the chapel of Dr. Malan, who is well known in America as having been ejected from the church of Geneva, on account of his receiving and preaching the evangelical doctrines. His chapel is a small building, which stands in his garden, about half a mile from the city, and was built by himself after his separation from the church of Geneva, through the assistance of some friends in England. The congregation, I suppose, last Sabbath, consisted of about two hundred and fifty ; and I must say that I have rarely seen an assembly, whose appearance was more indicative of solemnity and devotion. Dr. M.'s appearance and manner in the pulpit are quite peculiar, though extremely well adapted to produce an effect. His prayers seem to breathe, in an uncommon degree, a filial veneration for the Divine character ; indeed, they appeared to be the simple aspirations of a child resting with confidence on a Father's bosom. It is due, however, to candor to say, that Dr. M. is regarded by many of his evangelical brethren, particularly in England, as carrying some of his religious views to an unwarrantable extreme ; an evil to which he was peculiarly exposed, as well from the warmth of his natural temperament, as from the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed when the light of Gospel truth first shone into his understanding.

The population of Switzerland is at present about half Catholic and half Protestant. It is an interesting fact, which I have learned from several sources, that about three weeks ago, a Catholic priest in France, who had set himself to answer a pamphlet written by a Protestant, was actually convinced of his error in the course of his investigation, and has openly renounced Popery, and come to this place to request ordination in the Protestant church. In the Canton of Geneva there are about 17,000 Catholics, and fourteen Catholic churches ; but in the city, which contains 25,000 inhabitants, there is but one Catholic church, which includes not more than a tenth of the whole population.

I have already alluded to the well known fact that the Protestant church of Geneva has greatly departed from the faith of the early Reformers. Most of their present ministers are unquestionably Unitarians of the German school, though it is believed there are a few whose religious views, are, in the main, evangelical. Here, as in most places in France, I understand that there is very little that charity herself can believe to be vital piety. It is difficult to conceive of a more distressing comment on the state of religion here, than is found in the fact, that not professors only, but ministers, think it a very innocent thing to spend part of the Sabbath in a party of pleasure, or in a 'ball-room ! The Theological School, which is a branch of the Academy, numbers forty students, all of whom, I understand, are the advocates of a lax theology. Two young gentlemen, who were connected with the Institution when Dr. Malan was ejected, have since decidedly avowed evangelical sentiments, have been expelled from the Genevan church, and are now,

with two others, studying theology under his direction ; so that he considers himself as having actually commenced an orthodox Theological Seminary. But while I have great pleasure in bearing testimony to Dr. Malan's piety and zeal in the cause of evangelical religion, I must repeat my conviction that he is not alone, as has been sometimes represented, in the good work ; and that even in the church of Geneva, corrupt as it is, there are some who hold and love the truth as it is in Jesus.

I have visited, with great interest, the College which was founded by Calvin in 1558, and which, for some time, was his residence. The City Library, which is deposited here, is a very valuable collection, consisting of about 50,000 volumes, besides many curious manuscripts. Among the manuscripts are the original letters of Calvin, in twenty-three folio volumes, and his manuscript sermons copied in twenty-five more ; a volume of the original sermons of St. Augustine, written in the sixth century ; a Bible written out by monks in the eighth century, and found in St. Peter's church in this city ; an original letter of Sir Isaac Newton, addressed to Arlaud, a Genevese artist, &c. Here also are original portraits of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Huss, Jerome, Wickliffe,—as well as of many distinguished men who succeeded them in carrying forward the Reformation. The College of Geneva is divided into nine different parts, and numbers at present about 500 lads, from five to sixteen years of age. The Academy consists of four departments, viz. Law, Belles Lettres, Philosophy, and Theology. The number of Professors in the several departments is ten ; and the present number of students about 350. There are many

other Institutions besides those which I have mentioned, for the promotion of learning; and, on the whole, I should imagine that the advantages for education which Geneva presents, are scarcely inferior to those of any other place. In going through these ancient halls of learning and science, I have been strikingly reminded of the literary pre-eminence of Geneva in former times; and however it may be in respect to her religious character, it must be acknowledged that she still retains much of her literary glory.

I rode out yesterday to Ferney, the village to which I have already referred, celebrated as the residence of Voltaire. I had a letter of introduction to Madame Bude, the present occupant of the Chateau, who received me very politely, and seemed disposed to gratify my curiosity to the extent of her power. The Chateau, or Castle, was built by Voltaire, is a large square building of bad architecture, and is approached by an avenue of trees, and embellished with gardens, which overlook the adjacent plain and the lake of Geneva, and command a delightful view of Mont Blanc, and the chain of the Alps. The Castle remains in the same state in which it was when occupied by Voltaire; and his sitting-room and chamber have precisely the articles of furniture which he left in them. In one of these rooms are several grossly indecent pictures, which strongly indicate the licentious and depraved character of the man. Here also is his own portrait, when he was at the age of forty; and also an elegant piece of embroidery, which was wrought and presented to him by Catharine, Empress of Austria. The gardens and groves about the house are disposed with taste, and in the midst of them is a fine artificial pond, in which is

to be seen a great variety of fish. On the road side in front of the Castle, is the chapel which he built, and also the tomb for which he caused his measure to be taken. It was with a kind of horror that I went over the different apartments of the house, and particularly that I paused in his study, and recollected that that was the spot where this wretched man forged most of the malignant weapons with which he assailed the holy Gospel. The village of Ferney is said to have been planted almost entirely by Voltaire; and to have been originally inhabited by watch-makers. I dare not say that my imagination had nothing to do with the impression which I brought away respecting it; but I confess that it seemed to me as if a blast had fallen upon the whole village. His influence, it is said, is extensively felt to this day, not merely in the place which was so long cursed by being his residence, but also in Geneva, and the surrounding country. A gentleman of this city, who knew Voltaire well, and who is a leading man in the Genevan church, remarked to me that he had a most excellent heart! I could not but consider the remark, in connexion with other observations which fell from him, as furnishing proof that his own heart was not the more excellent for Voltaire's influence.

One circumstance has occurred since I have been here, in which I have been deeply interested, and which I cannot forbear to mention. I came in the Diligence from Lyons to this place, with a young gentleman who resides here, whose appearance from the first was uncommonly prepossessing, and in whom I became increasingly interested during my journey. Though we were entire strangers to each other,

yet on my arrival here he proffered me his kind attentions, and during my stay, has actually rendered me every service which I could have expected or desired from an intimate friend. Almost from the time of my first meeting him, I felt a desire to know something of his religious views ; and this desire was not a little increased by some remarks which fell from him on the journey, from which I inferred that the subject of religion was one with which his thoughts were, in some degree, familiar ; and I had been prevented from addressing him directly on the subject only by the extreme difficulty of my conversing in French, and the excessive irritability of my lungs from a violent cold. As I expected to leave the city early this morning, he came last evening to take leave of me ; and while he was expressing his friendly and affectionate feelings, the impression upon my mind that it was probably our last interview in this world, was so strong, that I could not refrain from the effort of entering on a conversation with him in respect to his views of religion and his hopes for eternity. I perceived immediately that it was to him a most welcome subject ; and one upon which he had actually been waiting for an opportunity to disclose to me his heart. He had scarcely uttered a sentence before his feelings rose to such a pitch that he burst into a profusion of tears ; and as he proceeded in his narrative, his utterance was several times quite obstructed by sobs. He informed me that, for many months, he had been deeply impressed with a sense of the vanity of the world, and the importance of religion ; that his mind was constantly restless, and grasping for something beyond the world ; in short, that he felt himself a ruined and condemned sinner ; but

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that he had never before communicated his feelings to any mortal. When I inquired the cause of this backwardness, he told me that his parents were in circumstances of great opulence, and were accustomed to move in the walks of fashionable life; that they were entirely devoted to the world, and that if he should tell them his feelings, they would call him fanatical and foolish; but that he felt notwithstanding, let the sacrifice be what it might, that he could not remain much longer in his present condition. When I urged him to beware and not grieve away the Holy Spirit, and thus put to flight his serious impressions, he said that was what he feared more than any thing else. "The world, the world," said he, "is my great enemy." On parting with him, I assured him that the disclosure which he had made to me during the evening, had created in my feelings an interest on his behalf, which I should always retain. "Oh," said he, pressing my hand with deep sobs, "pray for me; pray for me this night on your bed; do not cease to pray for me, that I may not forget my resolutions and my God." I scarcely know when I have mingled in a more affecting scene. The unexpected discovery of his serious impressions, the perfect frankness and apparent joy with which he disclosed them, the deep anxiety which he manifested in respect to their permanence, added to the reflection that our next meeting would probably be in the eternal world, gave to the interview an interest which I cannot describe. I have parted with him probably to meet him no more, on this side of eternity; but I am sure that my thoughts will often return to the scenes of the last evening, and I hope my prayers will often ascend that he may become a true disciple of

Christ, and may be kept by the power of his grace through faith unto salvation.

It was my intention to have given you some more particular account of the appearance of the city, and the objects of curiosity which it contains, but I have already so far exceeded the limits which I had prescribed to this letter, that I must confine myself to two or three hints. The city stands at the South-West extremity of the lake of Geneva, and is divided into two unequal parts by the river Rhone, as it issues from the lake. It has an antique appearance, though the streets are wider and more cleanly than those of any city which I have visited in France. The street Jean Jacques Rousseau is named from the circumstance of its having been the one in which Rousseau first saw the light; the house in which he was born, is, I understand, not exactly ascertained. The spot was pointed out to me in the neighborhood of the city, which was formerly the place of public executions, and on which Servetus is said to have been burnt for heresy. I inquired with much interest for the grave of Calvin, but I understand that it is known to no person now living, he having prohibited in his last sickness the erection of a monument. There are some beautiful walks both in the city and suburbs, and the fine view which is here enjoyed of the Alps towering above it, and the lake upon its borders, must always render it, to the lover of natural scenery, a spot of uncommon interest. On the whole, such are the impressions which I have received from my visit here, that I would scarcely advise a friend to cross the Atlantic, much less to travel on the Continent, without paying a visit to Geneva.

I am, Dear Sir, yours with sincere regard.

LETTER VI.

Paris, March 5, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR—Since the date of my last, I have resumed my journey, and, by the protection of a gracious Providence, have been brought in safety to this splendid capital. After travelling a few miles from Geneva, we arrived at the foot of Mont Jura, where we came suddenly upon snow of sufficient depth to make tolerable sleighing; and here we exchanged our Diligence, which was on wheels, for three sleighs, two of which we occupied ourselves, and the third received our luggage. The ascent, however, was so steep that we were obliged to walk nearly two miles; and though I did not particularly covet the exercise, on account of having a severe cold, yet I was the more reconciled to it from the fact that it gave me a much better view, than I could otherwise have had, of some of the finest scenery in the world. From the summit of Mont Jura, the prospect includes the beautiful lake on which Geneva stands, the Alps for a great distance, with Mont Blanc rising in grandeur among the clouds, and a most fertile and enchanting valley beneath, whose bright verdure formed a striking contrast with the depth of snow which lay immediately around me; so that the beauties of Spring and the gloominess of Winter were within the range of my vision at the same moment. Our sleigh-ride continued during nearly the whole day, till we had reached the foot of the opposite side of the mountain; and though the vehicle by which we were carried was not the most convenient, and looked as though it might have come down from a barbarous age, yet I was glad of

any change from the heavy and disagreeable motion of the ordinary Diligence.

My journey from Geneva to this place has been, for the most part, rather uninteresting. The two principal towns on the route are Doale and Dijon; the former of which contains about 10,000, the latter about 20,000 inhabitants. I also passed through Montbard, a small town on the Brienne, the birth-place of Buffon, the celebrated naturalist. In a pavilion called *la Tour de Saint Louis*, a square building on the side of a terrace, is to be seen his study, in which he composed his Natural History. At a short distance from Montbard, I found myself in the midst of some most magnificent scenery, which I have no doubt appeared the more beautiful, from being viewed by bright moon-light. On the left, immediately by the side of the road, was a mountain of great height, which rose so regularly and gradually that it seemed almost to be the work of art. On the right was a small river, winding its impetuous course among the rocks; and at a short distance was an immense forge, spouting into the air a mighty torrent of fire. I scarcely remember to have seen in my life a moon-light scene that was equally beautiful. About fifty miles hence, we passed Montereau, a small town at the confluence of the Seine and the Yonne, which is celebrated as having been the theatre of a bloody battle between the French and the Allies in 1814. So great was the loss of life, that it is said that the river for a considerable distance was almost literally filled with the dead. It was on the bridge of this town, according to most historians, that the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, by order of the Dauphin, in 1409. We entered the capital early in

the morning ; and as I had exchanged my seat in the interior of the Diligence for one on the top, several miles before we arrived, my approach to the city gave me an opportunity of seeing it to great advantage. Its appearance, for a considerable distance, indicated its vast extent and magnificence ; its splendid churches and palaces and monuments being crowded together in one immense pile of grandeur. We entered the city by a fine boulevard, and at almost every step my attention was arrested by some wonderful monument of art, which kept me continually in a gazing posture till we reached the office at which the Diligence stopped.

You will recollect my remark in a former letter, that on account of the rapidity with which my journey must be performed, I could not attempt any thing like a full account of many of the interesting objects which fall under my observation. This remark, applicable as it has been to the preceding places which I have visited, is especially so to this vast and splendid city. The truth is, that there is here such an exhibition of the glory of the world ; so many objects to attract and dazzle a foreigner, especially one who has before seen comparatively few of the monuments of art, that I am so much confounded by their magnitude and variety, that I scarcely know where to begin or where to end the description, or whether to attempt to describe them at all. I will, however, select for brief remark, a few things in which I have been particularly interested, though I dare not engage that the selection shall be the most desirable one, nor promise to say but a small part of what might be properly said even in respect to these. I shall observe no other order in respect to the different objects which I shall notice, than that

in which I happened to visit them, or in which they now occur to my recollection.

The *Place des Victoires* was formed towards the close of the 17th century, with a view to erect a statue in its centre in honor of Louis XIV. Its form is the segment of a circle, whose diameter is two hundred and forty feet; and the buildings by which it is surrounded are in a uniform and elegant style of architecture. The original statue which was placed here has long since been removed, and, within a few years, another statue of Louis XIV, executed in bronze, has been substituted in its place. The present statue is fourteen feet in height, exclusive of the pedestal, and represents the king in the habit of the Roman emperors, holding in his left hand his horse's bridle, and in the right a weapon of war. On one end of the pedestal, is the inscription, *Ludovico Magno*; and on the other, *Ludovicus XVIII, atava suo*.

The *Place Vendome* is so called from its being formed upon the site of an hotel which belonged to a family by the name of *Vendome*. Here also was formerly a fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV; but it was destroyed during the Revolution, and its place is occupied by the famous triumphal column erected by Buonaparte, in commemoration of his success in Germany in the campaign of 1805. This column is of the Doric order, and is built in imitation of the famous pillar of Trajan at Rome. It is one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, and twelve feet in diameter. It is covered with bas reliefs in bronze, representing the various victories of the French army; and this covering is composed of twelve hundred pieces of cannon taken from the

Austrian and Russian armies. A statue of Napoleon, eleven feet in height, formerly stood on the top of this column ; but since the late Revolution, it has been removed. The platform on which this noble monument rests is of white marble, and is surrounded by an iron railing which encloses an area of nearly two hundred square feet. The whole expense of this monument is said to have been more than sixty thousand pounds sterling. While it is certainly one of the most rich and splendid ornaments of the city, I could not but regard it as a sort of beacon to warn the world against that excessive thirst for glory in which it originated, and to which its founder fell a sacrifice.

The *Palais Royal* is the residence of the Duke of Orleans, including the garden with its surrounding galleries. Here the first revolutionary meetings were held in 1789, and here the Marquis de Lafayette was burnt in effigy in 1792. The garden is surrounded on three sides by most superb buildings, in stone, of a uniform appearance, four stories in height, and decorated with festoons, bas reliefs, and fluted pilastres. On the South side is a gallery of wood. The walks in the garden are skirted with lime trees ; and in the centre is a public fountain, whose water rises to the height of about fifty feet, and falls in the form of a wheat sheaf. This is the grand resort of the Parisians, both for business and pleasure. There is no article of merchandise which is not here to be procured ; hardly any amusement which is not here going forward ; and I fear I must add, scarcely any vice which is not here practised. Such a complete Vanity Fair as the *Palais Royal*, is not, I imagine, to be found any where else ; and if there were any thing

that could render it a more perfect theatre of splendor and corruption, I doubt not that the deficiency would be supplied.

The *Palace of the Tuileries* was the late residence of Napoleon, and is the residence of the present king when he is in the city. I observed the flag flying, as a signal that the king was at home. The *Champs Elysee* is a fine promenade, looking directly into the Palace ; and it was here that the scaffold was erected on which Louis XVI was beheaded. On the same spot there is a fine monument now in a state of forwardness, to perpetuate the memory of that unfortunate monarch. The entrance into Paris by the *Champs Elysees* is incomparably fine, and is said to exhibit one of the richest prospects of artificial grandeur in the world.

The *Palais de Justice* is of great antiquity, and was formerly the residence of the Kings of France. Though inferior in splendor to those of which I have already spoken, it is nevertheless a magnificent pile of buildings, and is ascended by the noblest flight of steps in Paris. When a person is sentenced for any crime, he is obliged to stand out in front of these buildings from eleven to twelve o'clock, with an iron band around his neck, on which are inscribed, his name, his crime, and his punishment.

The *Hotel Royal des Invalides* was erected by order of Louis XIV, as a retreat for old soldiers of the French army who have been wounded or are laboring under some bodily indisposition. The dome, which was designed by Mansard, is considered a master-piece of architecture ; and from the pavement to the cross on the top of the lantern, is three hundred feet in height. The lead which covers it was

originally gilt by order of Louis, and was gilt a second time by command of Napoleon. The grand Chapel belonging to this establishment, is one of the most magnificent places of worship in Paris. The number of pensioners now connected with the Institution, between six and seven thousand. Most of them, I understand, have been in Buonaparte's army, and all are dressed in handsome uniform, and seem to be living quite in the style of gentlemen.

The *Ecole Royale Militaire*, or Royal Military School, was established by Louis XV, and occupied ten years in building. It fronts towards the Champs de Mars, in which Buonaparte used to drill his troops, and which is still used for military exercises. The annual horse races for the department of the Seine, are also held here in September. In front of this field is the spot on which the foundations of a Palace for the King of Rome, son of Buonaparte and Marie Louisa, were laid in 1810.

In crossing the Seine, a small building was pointed out to me on the bridge, called the *Morgue*, in which dead bodies are laid that are found in the river and elsewhere, that they may be examined, recognised, and claimed by their friends. There happened to be none there the morning that I called, though I was told that it was rather an unusual case, as the average number is more than five hundred a year. Not far from the Morgue is the *Place de Greve*, which has long been the spot for public executions. The only instrument of capital punishment, now allowed by the laws of France, is the guillotine. During the Revolution, a multitude of innocent victims were sacrificed here, but at present the number of public executions is comparatively small. Whenever

such an event is to take place, this instrument of death is brought out between the hours of four and five in the afternoon, when the operation of beheading the victim is performed instantaneously, and both the body and the head are thrown into a basket and carried away.

The *Cemetery of Pere Lachaise* is situated about two miles East of the city, on the slope of a hill, which commands an extensive view of a picturesque and glowing landscape. The monuments are of various dimensions and style of architecture, and exhibit almost every form of sepulchral grandeur which the mind can conceive. The most interesting monument is the tomb of Abelard and Eloisa, which is formed out of the ruins of the celebrated Abbey, founded by Abelard, and of which Eloisa was the first Abbess. I observed also with some interest the tomb of the Abbey Sicard, the celebrated teacher of the Deaf and Dumb, who died in 1822, and whose influence has been extensively felt in our own country. Indeed here are to be found the tombs of most of the eminent men who have died in Paris since the Cemetery was established. Many of them are surrounded by a railing of wood or iron, and are richly ornamented with flowers; some of which have faded, while others are in all their verdure; and I observed a gentleman and two ladies walking a little before me, with a beautiful wreath, which was to be a tribute of affection to the memory of some departed friend. I lingered on this spot as long as my time would permit, and could not but be painfully impressed with the reflection how fearful was the contrast between these splendid vaults, and their decayed and decaying inhabitants. It is true that the eye looks with

astonishment, and the mind almost loses itself in wandering over the immense and magnificent abode of departed man ; but what, after all, is it, but an attempt to unite the grandeur of the world with the corruption of the grave ; to flatter the pride of the living amidst the ashes of the dead ?

But of all the objects of curiosity by which I have been gratified in Paris, I know not whether there be any which has interested me more than the Pantheon, or church of St. Genevieve. It was built a little after the middle of the last century, and is much the finest specimen of modern architecture in any church in Paris. During the Revolution, this church was converted from its original destination into a Pantheon ; and instead of exhibiting the symbols of a Christian temple, became a theatre for the triumph of infidelity. Here it was that the Sabbath was abolished by a public decree,—that the sacramental elements were profaned,—and the goddess of reason enthroned in the place of Jehovah. During this period, it was consecrated as a burial-place for the French who had distinguished themselves by their talents or achievements. In 1806, Buonaparte issued a decree that the Pantheon should be restored to divine worship, under the invocation of St. Genevieve, though this was not intended to change the destination given to it by the National Assembly, as a place of sepulture for the illustrious dead. Under the church is a vast sepulchral vault divided into several apartments, in which are deposited the remains of many distinguished men ; and beyond the vault is a Chapel, neatly finished, and completely fitted up for the Catholic worship. There is a spot in this vast under-ground region, in which there is produced an echo which repeats most distinctly

whatever is uttered, and a slight blow of the hand produces a report like that of a cannon. My guide pointed out to me the places which were formerly occupied by the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire ; but since the restoration, they have been removed to an obscure vault at a considerable distance from all the rest. As I stood by the door of the dark cell in which the remains of these wretched men are entombed, I could not but shudder, as the awful thought came over me of a resurrection of damnation. While walking about from one vault to another, by the dim twilight which pervaded these damp and sepulchral apartments, it seemed to me almost as if I had descended into the region of the shadow of death ; and I was quite glad to turn my back upon this gloomy habitation of the dead, and come forth again to the light of day, and the society of the living.

So you perceive, my dear sir, that I have made out a long letter, with rather allusions to, than descriptions of, a few of the thousands of interesting objects which crowd upon the attention of the stranger, on coming into this great city. There are many other things which occur to me as of equal interest with most of those which I have mentioned, such as the National Institute, the church of Notre Dame, the Sorbonne, the Garden of Plants, the Menagerie, &c. &c. ; but I forbear to say any thing respecting them, because my view of them has been too hasty and imperfect to warrant any attempt at faithful description. Indeed, for the same reason, had it not been for leaving an unnatural chasm in the account of my journey, I should have been quite silent in respect to *all* the curiosities of Paris. Though my visit here has been very short, it has been long enough to

convince me that he who would give a faithful and full description of the city, ought to have been a resident in it for years.

In my next letter I design to communicate whatever information I shall have been able to collect in respect to the religious condition and prospects of the capital.

In the mean time, I am, Dear Sir, with much regard,

Your sincere friend.

LETTER VII.

Paris, March 6, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I attended public religious service last Sabbath morning at the Oratoire, the principal Protestant church in this city. It has been built more than two hundred years, and is much admired for the regularity of its architecture, and the beautiful proportions of the Corinthian order, by which it is marked. At the commencement of the service, the congregation consisted of a mere handful of people; but it continued to increase for three-quarters of an hour, when I should suppose, there were present at least a thousand. The order of exercises differed considerably from that to which we are accustomed. The lecturer, standing in the reading-desk below the pulpit, first uttered a sentence with the Bible before him, when the whole congregation rose; he then read a chapter; then they sang; after which he read another chapter. Mr. Juillerat, the clergyman, who had, by this time, taken his place in the pulpit, then offered a prayer, apparently extemporaneous, of about three minutes: they then sang, after which he offered another prayer somewhat longer, and then followed the

sermon. The manner of the preacher was more cool, and less characterised by the peculiarities of French oratory than that of most French preachers whom I have heard. As to the merits of the sermon, I should scarcely dare trust my own opinion, on account of my imperfect knowledge of the language ; though one of my friends who was present, and a competent judge, assured me that it was evangelical and excellent. At three o'clock P. M. I attended public worship again at the Chapel adjoining the Oratoire, at which the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, of London, is at present the stated preacher. The congregation here, I should think, might have consisted of two hundred ; and is composed, I understand, entirely of English and Americans. At this Chapel two of our countrymen, Mr. B. of New-York, and Mr. G. of Hartford, preached for a considerable time, and their ministrations, I am informed, are remembered with gratitude and interest. Mr. W., the present minister, is a gentleman of great respectability, and exerts an extensive and beneficial influence, not only by his preaching and pastoral labors, but as forming a kind of centre to many important operations that have a bearing more or less direct on the cause of Protestant evangelical religion.

I have had great pleasure in forming an acquaintance with Mr. L——, the present Secretary of the Tract Society of Paris. He belongs to an opulent and respectable family, is a gentleman of great intelligence and urbanity of manners, and apparently of ardent piety, and is devoting himself to the Tract cause with all the assiduity that his feeble health will admit. Both Mr. L. and Mr. W. to whom I am principally indebted for the information which I have gained in

respect to the state of religion here, concur in the opinion that the religious prospects of France, and especially of Paris, are growing brighter every day. During the last year, especially, there seems to have been an important and auspicious change. A considerable number of persons in this city have given evidence that they have felt the power of the Gospel, and a spirit of inquiry seems to have taken possession of the minds of many others. The following items of religious intelligence may not perhaps be unacceptable. There are in Paris two Reformed French churches, and four pastors; two of whom are decidedly evangelical, and preach the Gospel faithfully and boldly. There is one Lutheran church, and three pastors; also a Swiss minister, who was ejected from the church of Geneva, on account of his holding the doctrines of the Reformation, preaches to a small congregation assembled in a private dwelling. There is in Paris a Bible Society, which was established in 1818, whose Auxiliaries in different parts of France, amount to more than one hundred:—the Society for Evangelical Missions, established in 1823:—the Tract Society, in 1822, which has distributed nearly seven hundred thousand Tracts:—the Committee of Sabbath Schools, formed in 1826:—the Protestant Society “de Prevoyance,” in 1825. This consists of several hundreds of persons, each of whom pays about three francs [sixty cents] a month, and whenever any one is reduced by misfortune in his worldly circumstances, he derives his support from the fund which is thus maintained;—the Society for Christian Morals, consisting both of Catholics and Protestants, the object of which is to suppress Lotteries, to put down the slave-trade, to regulate prisons, to

lessen the number of capital punishments, and to promote the cause of religious liberty. In the course of the last year, a very able work has been written here on the subject of capital punishments, which has produced a strong impression on the public mind, and promises to be followed by permanent beneficial effects. There is also a Society for elementary instruction, which, like the one last mentioned, unites both Catholics and Protestants. Of these Societies, the first, second, sixth and seventh, in the order in which I have noticed them, publish a bulletin, or periodical journal. They have all their annual meetings during one week in April, which are conducted substantially in the same manner with ours in New-York. Several of these Societies are principally indebted, not only for their prosperity but their existence, to Mr. W., a countryman of ours, whose name is associated with more than one benevolent enterprise, not only here, but on our side of the Atlantic. According to a recent estimate, there are in France two hundred and sixty-nine pastors in ninety Reformed churches, and two hundred and nineteen pastors in thirty-five Lutheran churches. The number of pastors has now probably increased by thirty or forty more. There are among these a considerable number of decidedly evangelical men, and I am happy to learn that the number is increasing every year. There are two Theological Seminaries in France ; one at Montauban, the other at Strasburg. The professors are said to be generally lax in their religious views, though at Montauban, there are twenty or thirty students who embrace the evangelical doctrines. I must not omit to mention a Society in Paris, of which I have had an interesting account, consisting of about

twenty-five persons, who meet once a week, at four different houses in rotation, for conversation on experimental religion. These meetings are said to be exceedingly interesting, and they certainly promise the most happy results. I was interested to learn that in the number of those who assemble for this purpose are three or four Catholics. With one of these, a very accomplished and excellent lady, I had the pleasure to become acquainted. But so much was she like an evangelical Protestant, that I had passed a considerable part of an evening in conversation with her, very much to my delight, before I discovered that she was a Catholic ; nor should I have made the discovery at all, but that her husband, who is a Protestant, very pleasantly mentioned it, in connexion with a remark of mine which bore rather hardly on the Catholic church. But the truth was, that I had become so much interested in her conversation, that if I had been pre-disposed to prejudice, she would have entirely disarmed me. I should not think it a misfortune to many Protestants whom I know, to become Catholics, if they would take her as a model.

There is one feature in the religious state of things in this country, which, though not peculiar either to the Catholic or Protestant communion of France, must, as it appears to me, greatly retard the progress of evangelical religion : it is, that not only every child is *baptized* as a matter of course, but that nearly every one at the age of fifteen or sixteen, or at a little earlier or later period, goes, as a thing of course, to the communion. This act is regarded only as an external expression of respect for Christianity ; and while some are regular in their attendance on this ordinance,

others make it merely a matter of convenience, going only once or twice in a year, or, perhaps, in only a single instance in the course of their lives. So long as such a state of things exist, I can hardly conceive but that the church must be a hot-bed of corruption.

The following interesting fact has been related to me, as having occurred at Honfleur, a town in the vicinity of Havre. More than thirty years ago, there were two women in that place excommunicated from the Romish church ; immediately on which they retired from the world, and have ever since supported themselves by making lace. A few days since, a lady who had heard that there were two such persons, set herself to search for them, and succeeded in finding them, not without some difficulty. For the last thirty years she ascertained that they have had no intercourse with the world, and have read no book but the Bible, but that their knowledge of that is truly wonderful : that they have been particularly devoted to the study of the prophecies, and are far better acquainted with this obscure portion of Scripture than most of the better informed class of Christians in any of the walks of life. An example this, which ought to shame thousands for their ignorance of the word of God, who have much better opportunities for knowing it.

In respect to the state of public morals here, there is doubtless a process of reform gradually going forward, in proportion as the true Gospel is suffered to exert its influence ; but the mass to be operated upon is so prodigious, that nothing short of a considerable change can be perceptible. Here, as in other parts of France, the Sabbath is the principal day of amusement, both with Protestants and

Catholics. Extreme levity, which is the well-known national characteristic of the French, gives complexion to their vices. Intemperance is certainly far less prevalent than in the United States ; indeed I cannot say that I have seen an instance of gross intoxication since I have been in the country. Gambling is exceedingly prevalent, as I am informed, among all classes, as is profane cursing and swearing. The mind would sink under the contemplation of so much ignorance, delusion, and depravity, as is exhibited even in this single capital, were it not sustained by thinking of the omnipotence of that Divine Agent, who has only to breathe upon the valley of vision, and the dry bones live.

I forgot to mention in the proper place, that an English Protestant church has lately been established at Versailles, a few miles from this city, under favorable circumstances. There has also some provision lately been made at Bordeaux, for the moral and religious improvement of seamen. A room has been provided, decently fitted up, and containing a good library, to which they are bid welcome to repair, and many of them I am informed actually do repair and spend their evenings in profitable reading, which would otherwise probably be given to dissipation. This, I understand, has been done by the instrumentality of ladies ; and I am happy to find that they are seeking opportunities to extend the same benevolent provision to other places.

I cannot close this letter without saying that I have felt no small satisfaction in going through the ancient churches in this city, which once echoed to the eloquence of Massillon, Bourdaloue, and other distinguished preachers of that school. I looked, with indescribable emotion, at the place in which

Massillon preached his celebrated sermon on "the small number of the Elect," one part of which is said to have drawn the court from their seats. But I need not say that it went far to damp the sacred enthusiasm kindled by these associations, to look around me, and see ceremonies going forward, professedly associated with religion, which, to say the least, are ridiculous and absurd.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly.

LETTER VIII.

Calais, March 7, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I reached this place last evening from Paris; and as I am likely to be detained here during a considerable part of the day, I avail myself of the leisure which the detention affords, to communicate to you a brief account of my journey. And first of all let me say that I am most happy in having accomplished my short tour upon the Continent, and of being able to catch even a distant view of the shores of Old England. Though I have seen much to interest me in travelling through France, and have formed some acquaintances which I estimate highly, yet I have also, at almost every step of my progress, seen much, which neither the Christian nor the philanthropist can contemplate without painful emotion. And I need scarcely add, that after having for several weeks encountered the inconvenience, and submitted to the impositions which have resulted from my comparative ignorance of the language of the country in which I have been travelling, it is with no other than grateful emotions that I hail my approaching

arrival in a country in which my own language is spoken, and which embosoms the dust of my own ancestors.

On taking my seat in the Diligence at Paris, I found that I was one of six persons, who were to occupy the interior apartment, and that my company was entirely French, one of them only being able to speak a little broken English. Early in the evening, as the Diligence stopped for a change of horses, one of the company stepped out and brought in with him a small piece of a lighted candle, which seemed to contribute greatly to their amusement ; and at the next stage care was taken to secure nearly a whole candle, which might suffice to furnish light till morning. In a few moments a bottle of brandy and a small silver goblet were produced, which went round the company as quick as they could conveniently serve the purpose of quenching the prevailing thirst ; and it was not without extreme difficulty that I succeeded in resisting the solicitations to "try a little." By this time they had become excessively musical in more senses than one ; for one of them reached up his hand and took down a violin and commenced playing, while the only one who could speak English at all, looking at me, said, "we be going to dance." As the bottle was replenished two or three times in the course of the night, you will readily imagine that the passion for fiddling, and singing, and shouting, suffered no abatement ; and I have no doubt, if the circumstance of our being crowded almost into a solid mass had not put dancing quite out of the question, that I should have been doomed to pass the night not only in the midst of a Bacchanalian scene, but of a French ball. All this was the more mortifying to me, when I discovered the

next day, that my company included all the French people in the stage ; and that in both the other apartments, were several respectable English gentlemen. One of them, a Surgeon connected with the British embassy at Constantinople, discovering the predicament in which I was placed, very kindly requested one of the passengers who could speak French, to exchange seats with me ; by means of which I was delivered from the most unpleasant travelling scene in which it has fallen to my lot to mingle since I have been in France.

On leaving the environs of Paris, we had a fine view of the hill of Mont Martre, on which stands a village of the same name. It is celebrated for the martyrdom of St. Denis, and for an ancient convent, in which Henry IV established his head quarters during the siege of Paris. Here also the decisive battle was fought between the French and the Allies, before the latter entered the capital. Within three or four miles from the city we passed the village of St. Denis, in which is the celebrated Abbey church, which has served, for many centuries, as a burial place for the kings of France. During the revolution, its monuments and treasures were removed, and the mortal remains which it contained, were disinterred. But it is now restored to its former destination, and encloses the remains of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette his queen, and several others of the royal family. The next town of much importance which we passed was Beauvois, situated in a rich valley on the small river Therain, and containing a population of about fourteen thousand. It is celebrated for the siege which it sustained in the fifteenth century, when its female inhabitants, commanded by Jeanne

Hachette, forced the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of eighty thousand men, to raise the siege. In order to perpetuate the remembrance of this signal display of female bravery, an annual procession takes place here on July 10th, in which the women have the precedence.

Abbeville, a fortified town, containing twenty thousand inhabitants, we passed in the night. Soon after leaving the village of Nouvion, we had, a little on our right, the town of St. Valery, remarkable as the port from which William the Conqueror, at the head of one hundred thousand men, embarked for the conquest of England. We also passed Bologne sur Mer, a town situated at the mouth of the river Lianne, and containing a population of between thirty and forty thousand. Here the Romans embarked when they passed into England : the remains of a tower built by them in the reign of Caligula, are still to be seen. As we came out of the town, we saw a fine marble column which was begun by the French army, when Napoleon formed the purpose of invading England, and now serves to commemorate the landing of Louis XVIII in France in 1814. Soon after leaving Bologne we had a view of the English coast, till it was hidden by the dusk of evening. About half a mile before we reached this place, a young fellow jumped up to the window of the Diligence, to recommend to us a particular hotel ; and the number of these fellows increased so rapidly as we approached the Diligence office, that when we left the vehicle we found ourselves surrounded by at least fifteen or twenty of them. Though I declined receiving any of their cards, having a particular inn in view, I was not able to make my way through them till they had lodged several

upon my hat. I have since ascertained that this is a common manoeuvre of the hotels for getting company, and that every Diligence that comes in is obliged to submit to the same kind of annoyance.

Calais appears to me rather an uninteresting town. Though the population are principally French, yet, on account of their contiguity to England, and constant intercourse with the English, most of them speak the English language. The harbor is small, but handsome, and is defended by several forts and batteries. In entering the town, we pass four or five gates. In the Hotel de Ville, the car of the balloon is preserved, in which Blanchard came from Dover to Calais. In the port is a noble column erected as a memorial of the landing of Louis XVIII in 1814; and there is a brass plate containing the print of a foot, on the very spot where he first stepped upon the shore. There is here a Protestant church; but of its numbers or character, I have been able to gain no particular information.

Before closing this letter, and taking my leave of France, I beg leave to add two or three remarks of a general nature, which I think are warranted even by the very rapid view which I have taken of the country. One thing by which I have been particularly struck, is the vast amount of pauperism, indicated by the army of beggars which at almost every stopping place, has surrounded the Diligence. I have remarked this more particularly in the Northern than in the Southern part of France. We have rarely stopped even for a minute, but there have been old men holding out their hats, and old women their aprons, and little children their hands, and all moaning out their tales of misery together, in

such an imploring manner as showed that they were no novices at the employment: and where the application has entirely failed of success, I have sometimes observed, as the whip cracked for a signal of departure, the imploring look and piteous moan exchanged, in the twinkling of an eye, for a volley of insults and imprecations. In several instances, as I was riding in Paris, when the vehicle stopped, beggars came and spread upon one of the wheels a ragged, dirty cloth. I first observed it in the case of an old woman, and asked my guide what it meant? "Why," said he, "she pretends to have dipped her handkerchief in the holy water at the church; and her spreading it on the wheel is a testimony that she prays for you; and she wants you to give her something for it." This was a refinement in begging which I had not before met with, and which, I imagine, is the very ultimatum of the art even in France.

I have had occasion also, as I have passed along, to notice an almost uninterrupted exhibition of the politeness which forms so striking a feature in the French character. This is to be seen in the lower, as well as the higher walks of life; and even in the intercourse which the gentleman holds with the cottager, and the master with the servant. Though I suppose I have scarcely uttered a whole sentence of correct French since I have been in the country, the instances have been very few in which I have noticed a smile to be excited by my mistakes; and whenever I have begun to apologize for my incorrect language, I have almost uniformly received the courteous answer of "*tres bon, tres bon*," very good, very good. I confess that the perfect ease and gracefulness of

manners which these people exhibit, whatever be the rank to which they are destined, is to me astonishing.

One word in respect to the humble, though necessary department of cooking. I tell you a sober fact when I say, that ever since I have been in France, I have been living in a great measure on—I know not what; for in almost all cases, the original material which constitutes the food, is so disguised, that I should be as likely to call it one thing as another. They have generally a great number of dishes, but rarely more than one on the table at a time. I do not decide that the French style of living is not a good style; but without any disparagement to it, I may say that I have been too long accustomed to a more homely and substantial mode, to wish to exchange it for the elegances and delicacies, and I may add mysteries, of French cookery.

My next will, I hope, be addressed to you from the shores of the mother country.

In the mean time, believe me yours sincerely.

LETTER IX.

London, March 13, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—In the afternoon of the day on which I last wrote you, I embarked from Calais in the steam-boat for this city, with the expectation of arriving here early the next morning. The wind, however, being unfavorable, and the night dark, it was judged imprudent that we should attempt to come up the river before daylight; in consequence of which we came to anchor when we had nearly crossed the British channel, and in the morning found ourselves near

Margate, just in the mouth of the Thames. I regretted the detention the less, as it gave me the opportunity of a fine view of some of the most charming scenery in England.

At the mouth of the river, we saw a large number of vessels waiting a favorable wind to go up to London ; and as we ascended the river, the number constantly increased, till we found ourselves in a perfect wilderness of masts at the London docks. The principal towns which we passed were Gravesend, (about thirty-two miles from London,) and Woolwich, and Greenwich, which are little more than environs of the metropolis. The country on either side of the river is very beautiful, and apparently in a state of the highest cultivation. I had a fine view of Greenwich Hospital, which stands on the bank of the river : it is a national institution for the benefit of old seamen, and the building is one of the most spacious and splendid to be seen in or about London. A little before we anchored at the dock, we passed the famous tunnel, or under-ground passage, which is making beneath the bed of the Thames. The work, I understand, is but about half completed, and has been suspended partly on account of an inundation, and partly from the want of funds ; though the prevailing opinion seems to be, that it will be resumed and completed. After landing, my first visit was, of course, at the Custom-House, which is one of the finest public buildings in London. The officer, whose business it was to examine the luggage, was very civil, and suffered it to pass with no other examination than the mere opening of the trunk which contained it. It was then announced that all the foreigners who had come in the boat must report themselves at the Alien office ; and though I

was quite certain that I could talk English enough to pass for an Englishman, yet, having a little of the curiosity which belongs to the part of the country in which I live, I suffered myself to be put down on the list of aliens, not from any conviction of necessity, but from a wish to learn the process by which a foreigner is introduced into the country. Here again, at the Alien office, the officer was extremely courteous, and remarked that they were obliged to go through that form with Americans, though they actually considered us as pretty much one with themselves. I have, however, paid something of a tax for my curiosity in submitting to be treated as an alien, as it has already cost me a good deal of inconvenience, and is likely to subject me to a good deal more.

On my passage from Calais, I fell into conversation with one of the passengers, apparently a gentlemanly man, who said he was from London, and seemed disposed not only to point out the different objects of interest which we passed, but also to advise me, as a stranger, in respect to finding lodgings on my arrival. Though there was nothing about his appearance particularly obtrusive, to induce me to suspect his character, I did not think proper to go to the place which he recommended. I have since learned that this said gentleman was no other than one of a gang of swindlers, whose leader was hung not long since at the Newgate Prison in this city. This circumstance illustrates the extreme danger of being entangled by travelling acquaintances, especially in this country. I am told that there are here a multitude of well organized clubs for swindling, and that some of their members are to be met with in every kind of public conveyance.

During the few days which have passed since my arrival here, I have seen enough of this world of a city, to be bewildered by its extent, its magnificence, its uninterrupted bustle, and the endless variety of occupation which it presents. Though it is not, like Paris, a city of palaces, and is far less fitted to dazzle by its overpowering grandeur, yet it has greatly the advantage of that city in the cleanliness and breadth of its streets, and its general appearance of convenience and comfort. The view from the dome of St. Paul's, includes, I suppose, the greatest amount of population to be seen from any place in the world. The prospect is always, in a greater or less degree, intercepted by the cloud of smoke that hangs over the city ; but as the day on which I ascended was clear, my view was comparatively unobstructed. While the whole region, far and wide, seemed to be teeming with life, and it appeared almost as if I had a world beneath me, I could not forbear to reflect on the grandeur of that day, which shall witness the gathering together of all the generations of this world's population into an assembly compared with which the million and a half of souls which were around me, would be like a drop measured against the ocean. It was painful to reflect how large a proportion of this vast crowd of immortals, were probably sacrificing themselves in the whirl of business and pleasure ; and as regardless of an approaching retribution as the beasts that perish.

You will expect me to say something of the objects of curiosity in this vast metropolis ; but here again, any thing like an attempt at minute description, I must decline altogether. That you may know, however, that I have not

entirely neglected the curiosities of the place, I will just say that I have visited with much interest the different bridges over the Thames, one of which, the Waterloo bridge, is said to have cost six millions of dollars, and a sight of which was pronounced by the celebrated artist Canova, to be worth a journey from Italy: also the Bank of England; the Monument; the London University, which is not yet completed; Somerset House; the House of Lords and Commons; St. James' Palace, &c. &c. Of some of these I may hereafter attempt some general description; but at present, I am satisfied merely to allude to them, that you may have some idea of what I am gazing at.

Two mornings since, there was an execution of five criminals at the Newgate prison. Though I did not choose to witness the horrid spectacle, I understood that the crowd was immense, and the scene uncommonly affecting. Two of them were brothers, the one twenty, the other eighteen years of age, whose crime was the robbing of a house; the others were sentenced for stealing horses. The number of crimes which are considered capital, and of course, the number of public executions in this country, is far greater than in the United States; and yet, with all the rigor of their laws, they are much less successful in the prevention of crime than we are, to whom the terrors of the gibbet are comparatively unknown. The hour for public executions is eight in the morning, and the place is the street, near the door of the prison.

I have much more to say, but must defer it for the present, having no time to add more than that

I am, Dear Sir, yours very truly.

LETTER X.

London, March 15, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—From the list of distinguished preachers in London, I selected, for the last Sabbath, EDWARD IRVING and ROWLAND HILL; and was fortunate enough to hear each of them in his own chapel. As both these names are much known in America, I think you may be interested in some account both of the men and of their preaching.

I attended at the Caledonian Chapel, Mr. Irving's place of worship, in the morning. It is a new, large and elegant building, which has been erected at great expense, and which, though rather highly ornamented, is, perhaps, one of the finest specimens of architecture to be seen in any church in London. The congregation, which I understood to be composed principally of Scotch people and strangers, must have consisted, I should suppose, of fifteen hundred. On entering the church, I was exceedingly struck, as I think every stranger must be, with Mr. Irving's appearance; and instead of recovering from the maze, I must confess that the longer I saw and heard him, the more intense became my astonishment. He possesses a commanding stature; a dark complexion; a piercing eye, which unfortunately has the odd appearance of looking more than one way at a time; and raven black hair, which floats carelessly and gracefully upon his shoulders. His voice, on a low key, is uncommonly melodious; but in rising to a high note, it acquires a most grating harshness. His manner is a singular compound of opposites. It has mildness and severity; awkwardness and dignity; lounging and indolent postures, and graceful and

earnest ones ; in short it is at once the most lulling and the most exciting, the most calm and the most convulsive oratory that I ever heard. And the matter of the sermon was equally unique with the manner. It certainly contained much original and powerful thought, and some bold and earnest appeals to the heart, but there was such an air of eccentricity thrown over the whole, and in some parts of the discourse so much ingenious abstraction, that I found it exceedingly difficult to analyze the impression which my mind received from the whole performance. I should say, however, unhesitatingly, that it must require a degree of intelligence to profit by such preaching, which is not to be looked for in the humbler walks of life ; and while I certainly feel much respect for his talents and character, I can easily believe that the wisdom of Providence is equally manifest in bringing into the ministry one, and but one Edward Irving.

In respect to Mr. I.'s private character as a gentleman and a Christian, I believe there is the concurrent testimony of all who know him, decidedly in his favor. I had the pleasure of spending an hour or two with him the other day, and found him entirely accessible, amiable and unassuming in his manners, and uncommonly serious and spiritual in his conversation. In his religious views, he is, I believe, rather an Ultra-Calvinist. The attention of many of the ministers of this country, has of late been particularly directed towards the subject of prophecy ; and there are a considerable number, of whom Mr. I. is one, who strenuously maintain that our Lord is soon to commence a personal reign on the earth ; and that this is to be preceded by the resurrection of

the righteous dead. This is said to be, at present, rather a favorite topic with Mr. I. both in the pulpit and out of it. He has lately translated a considerable work on this subject from the Spanish, and if I mistake not, he has in preparation a work on the same subject, of his own. The character of his mind is such, that while I should expect that he would say much that is useful on any practical subject on which he might write, I should fear that he would be somewhat erratic in his speculations.

On Sabbath evening I had the privilege of hearing, for the first time, the far-famed ROWLAND HILL. As his chapel was distant more than a mile from my lodgings, and as I had been told that it was usually crowded, I went, as I supposed, at an early hour, in order to secure a seat; but when I arrived, I found that the service had commenced, and that the chapel, which accommodates three thousand people, was so crowded that there was scarcely room to stand in the aisle. I succeeded, however, after a few minutes, in getting a seat which gave me the best opportunity both of seeing and hearing. At the commencement of the service, the Episcopal Liturgy was read, with some omissions, by a young gentleman, whose appearance indicated that he was an Episcopal clergyman. The congregation then sung a hymn from a collection by Mr. Hill, at the close of which he came from the vestry into the pulpit. The very appearance of the man was to me eloquent. His fine person, and dignified countenance, and silver locks, and patriarchal air, awakened my veneration before he opened his lips. He first offered a prayer, which, while, on the one hand, it was strongly characterised by original and impressive thought,

was, on the other, so simple, that it seemed like the effusion of the heart of a child. After prayer was another singing, and then followed the sermon. Though it was evidently quite an unpremeditated production, and took its complexion very much from the feelings of the preacher at the moment, yet it was rich in valuable thought,—was in some parts exceedingly beautiful, and throughout bore the impress of a superior mind, acting under the powerful impulse of a heart warmed by the love of Christ. He seems capable of touching almost every chord in the human constitution at pleasure; of delighting the imagination with exquisite imagery, of assailing the intellect with powerful argument, and of dissolving the heart by a melting pathos. His passion for the ludicrous, which comes out on almost all occasions, and which often excites more than a smile in his audience, scarcely discovered itself at all during the sermon which I heard from him; and I can truly say, that though I have often heard a more coherent exhibition of Gospel truth, I have rarely heard a more edifying one. While his whole sermon must have been perfectly intelligible to every child in the audience, it could not have failed, I think, to interest men of improved intellects.

Since the Sabbath I have had the pleasure of two or three interviews with Mr. Hill, which have interested me exceedingly. His conversation, while it savors of deep piety, is marked by a brilliancy and point, and sometimes by a satirical smartness, which can hardly fail to engage and rivet attention. He informs me that he was the warm advocate of the American cause during the Revolution, and was regarded in this country as a rebel; that he considered it as a vile

war which the English carried on against us, and that he always heartily wished us success, and always confidently believed we should succeed, because we were fighting for our liberties. He manifests a deep interest in the present eventful struggle between the Greeks and Turks, and seems to contemplate its various bearings at once with the eye of a politician, a philanthropist, and a Christian.

Mr. Hill belongs to a family of rank ; his father was a Baronet, and he is himself uncle to the present Lord Hill, who has succeeded the Duke of Wellington, as commander of the national forces. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and went into the ministry at an early period. It is supposed, and I doubt not with good reason, that he has preached more than any man living ; and that no minister in England has probably been directly instrumental of so many conversions since the time of Whitefield. At the advanced age of eighty-four, he preaches, upon an average, seven times a week, besides attending many other public meetings ; and I imagine that there are few clergymen, if any, whose labors are in so much request as his, on public occasions. He retires from the city during the Summer season, to his family mansion, in one of the distant Counties in England, and for several months in the year, preaches to a congregation in that neighborhood ; while he takes care to have his own at home supplied by some of the most popular preachers in the country. An anecdote was related to me the other day, which strikingly illustrates his benevolence. It fell to him and a Bishop in the Episcopal church to preach in behalf of the same object of charity, at the same place, and on the same day. The Bishop preached in

the morning ; and after the collection was taken up, it was carried to him that he might take whatever he pleased, as a compensation for his services ; and he took five pounds. Mr. Hill preached in the afternoon ; and when, at the close of the service, the plate containing the money collected, was carried to him in the same manner, he asked, " Why they brought that to him ? " Upon being told that it was brought that he might take pay for his services, as the Bishop had done in the morning, he asked how much the Bishop took ? The answer was " five pounds." He immediately drew from his pocket a five pound note, and putting it into the plate, replied, " Well, you shall not lose any thing by *us*." I do not vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, but it was told to me as authentic, and at any rate, it is quite in unison with the character of the man.

Another interesting clergyman, of nearly the same school with Rowland Hill, whose acquaintance I have had the privilege to make, is the Rev. MATTHEW WILKES. He is now eighty-one years of age, of a very apostolic and venerable appearance, has been a leading man in most of the great benevolent institutions of the country, and has for many years preached alternately at the Tabernacle, and Tottenham Court Chapel, two places of worship built by Mr. Whitefield. Mr. Wilkes' sermon before the London Missionary Society, preached nearly twenty years ago, is said to have marked an era in the history of that Society ; it set all classes of people to work, and excited a spirit of enterprise in the Christian public, which has continued to increase to the present hour. I regret that I have not the prospect of hearing this venerable man preach ; but he has been taken off

from his labors for some weeks by indisposition, and it is somewhat doubtful whether he ever resumes them. Like Mr. Hill, he manifested a deep interest in the political and religious condition of our country, and remarked that he had no doubt that she was destined to be the mistress of the world.

Another gentleman in whose society I have felt a deep interest, and whose venerable age and high standing must be my apology for mentioning his name, is the Rev. GEORGE BURDER, well known in our country as the author of the Village Sermons. I think I have never seen more of Christian meekness, sincerity, humility and benevolence, embodied in a man's manners, than are to be seen in his. In approaching him, you get the impression instantly that you are in the presence of a man in whose character you cannot be deceived; and in conversing with him, you might almost fancy yourself in the company of the disciple whom Jesus loved. He is a native of London, but for several of the first years of his ministry was settled at Coventry, and for the last twenty-six years, has been pastor of the church of which his father was deacon, and in which he was himself baptized. He has been associated from the beginning with the venerable men whose names I have already mentioned, in establishing and bringing forward the great benevolent institutions of the day. Though he is seventy-six years of age, and has only the sight of one eye, and that but imperfectly, and withal labors under constant bodily infirmity, yet he preaches nearly half the time. Two of his sons are highly respectable ministers, and one of them, the Rev. HENRY FORSTER BURDER, is a distinguished professor in Highbury College. Mr. B. spoke with great affection of the Rev. William

Romaine, (author of the *Life of Faith, &c.*) with whom he was intimately acquainted; and remarked that he used to have the names of the evangelical ministers of the Established church before him in his private devotions, and that the small list of three or four, over which he had often wept in his closet, he lived to see increased to nearly four hundred.

If I have occupied this letter too exclusively in giving characters, or if I have used too much freedom in calling names, it is only on account of the interest with which I have regarded them. They, I doubt not, would forgive me: and you, I am confident, will not be dissatisfied.

With sincere regard, I am, as ever, yours very truly.

LETTER XI.

London, March 20, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—A few days ago, I had the pleasure to attend the *installation*, or as they say here, the *setting apart*, of the Rev. Henry Townley, late a missionary in the East, as pastor of the church in White Row. As the service differed considerably from that to which we are accustomed, on similar occasions, you may perhaps be interested in receiving an account of it. The *introductory*, or as it is here called the *general* prayer, was offered by Rev. Mr. Orme, Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, after which there was a sermon from Rev. Joseph Fletcher, who, I understand, is one of the most popular preachers in London. Rev. Mr. Arundel, Domestic Secretary of the London Missionary Society, then rose and requested some member of the congregation to state the circumstances, by which they had been led in the course of Providence to invite Mr. T. to

become their pastor ; upon which a gentleman belonging to the Society gave a minute written reply. Mr. A. having expressed his satisfaction with the answer, proceeded to propose two questions to the candidate. The first was, "What were the circumstances which had brought him to the determination to take the charge of that people?" In reply to this, Mr. T. read a narrative of his experience, the substance of which was, that he was in early life devoted to the pleasures of the world, and an enemy of vital godliness ; that about seventeen years ago, he was arrested in his course of wickedness, in consequence of a violent sickness ; that shortly after, he indulged a hope that he was renewed, and determined to devote himself to the Christian ministry ; that though all his friends were of the Established church, he, from conscientious motives, dissented, and became a member of Hoxton Academy ; that he received his first missionary impressions in the church in which we were then assembled, under the preaching of Rev. William Cooper ; that soon after this, he embarked for Bengal as a missionary, where he remained for some time, and at length in the providence of God was brought back to his native country ; that the church in White Row had spread out their arms to receive him ; and that he accepted their invitation in the hope that, while he might be useful to them, he might co-operate efficiently with the London Missionary Society, &c. After the candidate had made this statement, Mr. A. expressed himself highly satisfied, and then proposed the second question, viz. "In what manner he intended to prosecute the work of the ministry?" To this he also gave a written reply, the substance of which was, that he had

determined not to know any thing among his people save Jesus Christ and him crucified. To this Mr. A. also returned an affectionate answer, congratulating him on his good intentions and favorable prospects, and promising to pray for his, and his people's prosperity. All this part of the service was new to me ; and though it was certainly not without interest, I cannot say that it appears to me a good substitute for the more private examination which our candidates are accustomed to receive before ordination. To this succeeded the *consecrating*, or as it is here called the *special* prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Burder, of Hackney ; after which there was another sermon, much longer than the preceding, by the Rev. Mr. Clayton, and then the concluding prayer by the Rev. Dr. Henderson. Five or six hymns were sung in different parts of the service, being previously given out, not from the pulpit as with us, but by different ministers who occupied seats below. The service was on the whole highly interesting, and not the less so to me for involving a departure from the forms to which I have been accustomed. There was a public dinner after the solemnities, at which I had the pleasure of meeting a large number of ministers and other gentlemen, many of whose names have long been familiar to me as associated with the great cause of Christian benevolence. I should do injustice to my own feelings, were I not to say, that these brethren welcomed me to their society with every expression of Christian kindness, and that they expressed sentiments towards my country, which were by no means fitted to diminish the satisfaction which I am accustomed to feel in reflecting that I am an American.

I hardly need tell you that I have been much interested in

going through the buildings which are occupied by the principal religious charitable institutions, as well as being present at the deliberations of some of their Committees. It is customary for the Committee of the London Tract Society to breakfast together several times a month at the Tract room, and spend an hour or two in the transaction of any business which may come before them. This Committee, consisting of about fifteen gentlemen, I had the pleasure to meet at breakfast, and was much gratified by the zeal, and wisdom, and piety, which their deliberations evinced. I was also present, the other day, at a similar meeting of the Committee of the London Missionary Society; and though they were principally engaged in the discussion of some pecuniary matters connected with the Society's operations, yet I was not a little interested by the sound and enlightened views, and the prompt and manly style of discussion, which characterized the meeting. The house appropriated by the British and Foreign Bible Society, though sufficiently respectable, is less commodious, I should imagine, than that of the American Bible Society; particularly as it was not originally built for the Society, but has been converted from some other use to its present one. But though neither the building nor the furniture is in the least degree extravagant, it seems that the Society have been charged with extravagance, and that a serious controversy has arisen between them and part of the Scotch church, partly in reference to this subject, which has resulted in the secession of the latter from the Society.

Their receipts this year somewhat exceed eighty thousand pounds; and the number of copies of the Bible, either in whole or in part, which they have put in circulation, is not

less than three hundred thousand. I am happy to learn that the leading men in this noble institution are men of decided Christian character. The library connected with it contains a vast number of copies of the Scriptures in various languages, besides many ancient Biblical manuscripts ; and is probably the most complete collection of the kind in existence. Though my visit to this great benevolent establishment, which may be regarded as one of the brightest glories of the age, has not at all diminished the respect which I feel for the noble charities of my own country, I confess it has impressed me more deeply than any thing which I have yet seen, with the extent and glory of British munificence. It gives me pleasure to add, that the hearts of Christians here, of all classes, seem to be greatly comforted by hearing of the growing charities of the American church ; and more than once have I heard the last anniversary of the American Board at New-York appealed to as furnishing a good example to British Christians, and in a manner which clearly showed the operation of a strong and holy sympathy in all our desires and efforts to do good.

A few days since, there was a public discussion in this city between Catholics and Protestants, relative to the points of controversy between them ; the second, I understand, of the same kind which has been held within a short time. It was in Freemasons' Hall, the place in which the British and Foreign Bible Society holds its annual meetings. Several distinguished clergymen were engaged on the Protestant side, and the discussion was protracted through several hours ; but I believe the impression with most serious people present was, that very little would be gained to the

cause of true religion in the result. The principal speaker on the Catholic side was an Irish barrister, of considerable wit, and great fluency, and some eloquence ; but whether he intended it or not, his remarks were evidently adapted to subserve the cause of downright infidelity. I heard him long enough to be disgusted with his speech, and to be convinced that the respectable ministers who had enlisted in the discussion had not chosen the most favorable theatre for advancing the cause either of piety or Protestantism. The Irish, I understand, are making considerable efforts to extend the influence of Popery here ; but I imagine that their only hope of success must rest in the undue importance which seems to be allowed them in these public discussions. Perhaps, after all, I know too little of the merits of the case to justify these remarks ; but I can only say that such are my honest impressions.

With every sentiment of respect,
I am, Dear Sir, yours truly.

LETTER XII.

London, March 22, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—You are aware that the Episcopal church in this country, as in our own, is divided into two parties ; but possibly you may not be aware of the precise ground which they respectively occupy. There is here, as with us, the distinction of High church and Low church ; of Evangelical and Anti-Evangelical ; but it happens rather singularly that the Evangelical party is the High church party ; that is, they are more rigid in their peculiar notions of church government, and more disposed to talk of Episcopa-

lians as *the Church*, than are those who are most lax in their views of Gospel truth. The solution which I have heard of it is, that the Evangelical party are apprehensive that they shall be suspected, on account of their rigid adherence to the doctrines of the Gospel, of verging towards Puritanism ; and in order to keep down such a suspicion, they manifest their attachment to the Church by an increased degree of zeal for her particular forms of government. I do not say that this is the correct account of it ; but that there is actually the union of which I have spoken between High church principles and evangelical religion admits of no question. I doubt not that it would surprise many of our countrymen, who have been accustomed with myself to be edified and delighted by the writings in the *Christian Observer*, to know that most of those by whom this excellent publication is supported, while they are men of distinguished worth, and of truly evangelical views, have but little religious sympathy with any, who do not happen to be within the pale of the Establishment.

In respect to the comparative number of the two parties, I have heard so many different opinions, that I have not been able to form a definite one of my own ; though an Episcopal clergyman, himself an evangelical man, assured me that at least one-fourth part of their clergy may be considered as preaching the true doctrines of the Gospel. But whatever the actual proportion may be, it seems to be admitted on all hands that the evangelical party is rapidly increasing, both in number and influence. Preaching as they do, zealously and faithfully, the peculiar truths of the Gospel, their ministrations excite an interest which causes their

churches to be generally filled ; while the opposite party, substituting mere moral essays for evangelical discourses, have the mortifying testimony to their want of faithfulness, which consists in their churches being comparatively deserted. I am told that this increase of evangelical influence operates favorably even on the Anti-Evangelical party ; as it subjects them to the alternative of avoiding a gross laxness both in doctrine and manners, or of preaching to bare walls and empty pews. I have heard two or three of the Episcopal clergy preach during my stay here, the most distinguished of whom is the Bishop of Chester. I do not think that he comes up to the idea of what we commonly mean by an eloquent man ; and yet, his composition is unusually chaste, his sentiments serious, and at least approaching to evangelical, and his manner simple and natural. I mention him particularly, the rather, as he is considered one of the finest models of preaching, at least so far as literary merit is concerned, that the Established church now affords.

Among the Dissenters, the Independents or Congregationalists, occupy the principal place. The mass of these, with the exception of the Unitarians, hold the great doctrines of the Reformation ; and their ministers, so far as I have had opportunity to observe, are a highly respectable class of men. Their style of preaching including both matter and manner, I should imagine is somewhat less direct, and if I may use a homely word, *home-thrusting*, than that to which we are accustomed ; but it is serious, earnest, affectionate, and instructive. I judge, of course, from the specimens which I have heard, and from the testimony of those whom I consider competent to form a correct opinion. Very few

of them, I understand, read their sermons, and such is public opinion that reading is barely tolerated. Their principal periodical is the Congregational Magazine, a very respectable monthly publication, which, in its general character, resembles our Christian Spectator. It is under the joint editorship of two or three of the most respectable Dissenting ministers in London.

In respect to the advantages for literary and theological education enjoyed by Dissenters, I should think they were considerably less than in our own country ; as the course given in their Colleges, corresponding both to our collegiate and theological course, generally occupies but four years. And yet it is unquestionably true that these Institutions are under the direction of very able men, and that the advantages which they furnish, have drawn forth some of the finest talents with which the church of God is now blessed. The whole number of these Seminaries in England, I believe, is about eight or nine ; two of which, viz. that of Homerton and of Highbury, are in the environs of London, and within three miles of each other. The former has about fifteen students, who are favored with the theological instruction of Dr. John Pye Smith, who is extensively known in America, and who is regarded in this country as unrivalled in his theological attainments. His writings connected with the Unitarian controversy, particularly a late work on the person of Christ, are considered as possessing uncommon merit ; and the latter has, I understand, already been adopted as a text book in one or more British Universities. Doctor S. is not less distinguished by the vigor of his mind, and the extent of his acquirements, than by the urbanity of his manners, the

kindness of his feelings, and the strength of his piety. He is fifty-four years old, enjoys fine health, and promises for a good while to come, to exert an extensive and powerful influence in favor of evangelical religion.

The other College to which I referred—that of Highbury, has nearly forty students. It is what was formerly Hoxton College, removed to another place. The College edifice, both in its structure and locality, is uncommonly beautiful. It is said to have been very economically built, for about £20,000, and principally through the munificence of a distinguished individual, Thomas Wilson, Esq. This gentleman retired from business early, with a large fortune, for the sake of devoting himself more entirely to the great interests and objects of Christian benevolence; and I have been repeatedly informed, that there is no individual in England, to whom the cause of religion, especially among the Dissenters, is so much indebted, as to him. He has built several fine places of worship in and about London, in most of which there is not only a stated ministry, but a large congregation; and has contributed to the erection of many others in different parts of the kingdom. He is also an active and leading member of most of the great charitable institutions of the country, and devotes nearly his whole time, in some way or other, to the advancement of the cause of Christ. Permit me to say that it is one of the most pleasant circumstances attending my visit in London, that I am privileged, during my stay here, to enjoy the hospitality and the society of Mr. W. and his excellent family. From the Rev. Mr. L. and his family, as well as from several others who reside in the same neighborhood, I am also receiving the kindest atten-

tions, which I am sure will always be the subject of my most grateful and affectionate recollections.

Another institution which I have visited with no small interest is the Missionary College at Hoxton—the same over which Doctor Bogue formerly presided at Gosport. Its present number of students is about eighteen ; and its Principal is the Rev. Doctor Henderson, the well known traveller in Russia and Iceland. He is said to be a highly accomplished scholar, and well qualified for the important office which he holds, of training up, not only heralds, but missionaries, of the cross. This institution must be dear to the heart of every Christian, as being one of the earliest nurseries of that spirit of evangelical missions which has already so extensively blessed the world, and which aims at nothing less than its entire renovation.

The subject of American revivals has often been introduced into the circles in which I have fallen, and always in a manner indicating a deep and serious interest. Indeed I have more than once heard in public, direct petitions offered that those precious effusions of Divine influence, by which the American church has been so much distinguished, might be extended also to the churches in this land. The fact that revivals are not extensively enjoyed here, is a matter not only of deep regret, but of anxious inquiry among many intelligent Christians and ministers ; and I have several times heard the question asked, without implying the least doubt of the reality or importance of revivals, whether this important difference between England and America might not be partly accounted for from a difference of national character. I doubt not that there is much in what may be called the

philosophy of this subject, that is yet to be developed ; and I know not that there is any thing irreverent in the supposition that the effect of the Holy Spirit's operation may be modified, in a great degree, by particular circumstances involved in our providential allotments.

The mode of conducting public worship in the Dissenting churches here, differs in no respect from our own, except that the sermon is immediately followed by singing, and the exercise is always concluded by prayer. I have observed also, with great interest, that at the close of the service, the audience make a solemn pause of nearly a minute, and then leave their places in a becoming and reverent manner. This is so much to be preferred to the bustle and confusion to be witnessed in most of our churches, as if the only sentiment which is felt were a sentiment of joy that the last word had been uttered,—that I really wish we might learn wisdom, at least in this particular, from the mother country. I remark also, in some of these churches, a practice prevailing to a great extent, of taking notes of the sermon ; and I am told that in the multitude of these scribes are many stenographers, who have arrived at so much perfection in their art, that they can nearly take off an uninterrupted discourse. I think this cannot always be a pleasant circumstance to a minister, particularly if he happens to be conscious that he is preaching a poor sermon.

You observe that I have sometimes spoken (I ought uniformly to have done so) of the Dissenting places of worship under the name of *chapels*. They have this name to distinguish them from the Episcopal places of worship which alone are dignified with the name of *churches*. In like

manner the Dissenting preachers are called *ministers*, but never, unless by misnomer, *clergymen*; the latter being understood to apply solely to Episcopalians. The Dissenting chapels, so far as I have had an opportunity of seeing them, are generally much plainer than most of our churches, and the pulpit is large enough to contain only a single person. Most of the Dissenting ministers wear a gown in the desk—a fact at which I have been rather surprised, as they seem to have little complacence in any thing else, which bears the semblance of conformity to the Established church.

There are several Unitarian churches in this city and vicinity, the most flourishing of which is perhaps that at Hackney, and which has successively been under the care of Price, Priestley, Belsham, and now of Apsland; all of whom, I understand, unless Price be an exception, (and I know not whether he is,) were once orthodox. These churches are said, for the most part, to be thinly attended, though by a large proportion of opulent people. Few, if any, of their ministers, I am informed, are accustomed to public extemporaneous prayer; insomuch that one of the most distinguished of them, being some time since at a friend's house, and requested to lead in the family devotions, declined on the ground that he had been so long accustomed to a form that he could not pray without it. Belsham is quite superannuated, and is pretty much laid by. His translation of the Epistles seem to have had just about the same effect on the cause of Unitarianism here, as a certain celebrated dedication sermon has had in America: while its friends think that it admits of no answer, others are of opinion that it requires none. I have not the means of forming a decided opinion

On the question whether or not Unitarianism is gaining ground in this country ; though I am informed that one of its leading advocates lately expressed some desponding feelings in respect to the progress of the cause here, but pointed to America with great confidence as the theatre of its noblest triumph. One of their ministers, a Mr. Gilchrist, has lately abandoned the system, and published his renunciation of it in a pamphlet. It is said that he now faithfully preaches the Gospel, which he formerly opposed.

I am, Dear Sir, with sincere regard, yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

London, March 25, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—There is scarcely any name at the present day which is more extensively known, more identified with the cause of humanity and virtue, or more deservedly dear to the Christian patriot, than that of Wilberforce. I had a great desire to see this extraordinary man ; but had abandoned the expectation of it, under the erroneous impression that his residence was in Yorkshire, and quite distant from any part of my intended route through England ; and it was only yesterday that I was informed by a gentleman, with whom I happened to be dining, that Mr. Wilberforce's residence is but ten miles from London. On receiving this intelligence, I immediately resolved to appropriate a day to ride out and pay my respects to him, and with that view took a letter of introduction ; and though the visit has occupied time which I had allotted to some other purposes, and has thus caused a little derangement of the plan of my journey, I assure you that it has been so gratifying, that if it

had cost me much more inconvenience, I should still have thought it a cheap price for so much gratification.

Early this morning, I left the city in company with my excellent friend Mr. J. W., for whose kind attentions, since I have been here, I can never be sufficiently grateful, for High Wood Hill, Mr. Wilberforce's residence. Our ride was through a beautiful and highly cultivated region ; and at Highgate, particularly, which is elevated ground, we had one of the richest views which this vicinity affords. Mr. W.'s dwelling is a large stone building, situated on a delightful eminence, which commands an extensive rural prospect, and particularly a fine view of the beautiful valley beneath. On delivering the letter to the servant, we were informed that Mr. W. was at home, and would be disengaged in a short time ; and, in the meanwhile, were introduced into the library, where, with the leave of the librarian, we amused ourselves by looking over the books, and noticing various corrections which Mr. W. had made with his pen. This was particularly the case in respect to the writings of Robert Hall, of whom he is so great an admirer that he remarked that he did not believe there was a man living who possessed finer talents. After nearly half an hour, Mr. W. came in, and received us with every expression of kindness and cordiality. His appearance is, in some respects, quite peculiar. He is small in stature, extremely rapid in his movements, quite near-sighted, and withal a little deformed ; but the moment he speaks, his countenance becomes a perfect mirror, in which you see reflected every thing that is lovely in the human character. After requesting us to notice the beautiful scenery which was to be seen from his window,

and remarking upon the likeness of his intimate friend, William Pitt, which was in the room, which he said was the only good likeness of him in existence, he requested us to walk into his drawing-room, that he might introduce us to his family ; very kindly remarking to me at the same time, that he wished to do it the rather, that if I should visit England again, though he should not be here to receive me, I might be sure to receive the friendly attentions of his son. After spending a few moments with his family, he invited us into his study, where he showed us the remaining part of his library, and particularly his periodical publications, which are very numerous. A little incident occurred, while in his drawing-room, which I mention not without some hesitation, lest, if it were known to Mr. W., it should wound the charming modesty which it is intended to illustrate. On the table there was a most elegant set of china ; and Mr. W. perceiving that it attracted our attention, took up some of the different articles, and pointed out to us their peculiar beauties. Upon being asked whether it was of English manufacture, he replied that it was not ; on being asked from what country it came, he said from Prussia ; and after a few moments the secret came out, in a manner which showed that while he felt honored by the gift, he had intended to conceal the source from which it came—that it was a present to him from the King of Prussia. When I remarked to him that his health seemed much more vigorous than I had expected, he replied that he had great reason for gratitude to God that he enjoyed so comfortable health, and that notwithstanding his present degree of bodily vigor, he was told by Doctor Warren, one of the most eminent physicians

in London, more than forty years ago, that he had not stamina enough to endure a fortnight. He expressed a high regard for several American divines, especially for Doctor Dwight, which I was happy to assure him was fully reciprocated, having heard the Doctor speak in terms of admiration of Mr. W.'s character. He remarked that he had observed with great satisfaction that the jealous and unfriendly feelings which had existed in former years between England and America, seem to have greatly diminished; that a countryman of ours, for whose talents he had great respect, and who had written several things which he highly valued, at length published a book in which he attacked England with great violence, and that on reading it, he anticipated the most unfavorable effect; but that fortunately, it was so large and so closely printed, and the English withal being rather an indolent people, and not much inclined to encounter formidable works, it never got into circulation in the country, and therefore never did any hurt. He spoke with warm approbation of the book of American Travels by Mr. Hodgson of Liverpool, as containing what he believed to be a correct account of the American character, and as having contributed greatly to increase the good feelings of the English towards us. He kindly presented me with a copy of his Practical View, saying that it was a book which he wrote many years ago, soon after it pleased God to open his eyes and bring him to the knowledge of the truth; that he had occasion for gratitude that it had been in some degree useful; and that Burke read it soon after it was published, and sent him word that he approved it cordially. In reply to a question that I asked concerning Burke's religious character, he

observed that though he had reason to fear that he was not decidedly a pious man, yet he was undoubtedly among the best of the class to which he belonged. After spending an hour and a half in listening to his charming conversation, we took leave of him ; and I am sure that I never parted with any person with a more delightful impression. If the sentiment was strong that I had been in the company of one of the *greatest* men in England, it was still stronger that I had been in the company of one of the *best* men in the world.*

On our return from High Wood, we stopped at Mill Hill School, one of the most celebrated Dissenting schools in England. It is a new and noble building, situated on a

* It has been suggested to the writer by one or two friends, by whose kindness and frankness he feels himself obliged, that the particularity which he has, in several instances, used in speaking of characters, might perhaps be regarded by some, and especially the individuals themselves, as an unwarrantable and indelicate freedom. In reference to this suggestion, he begs leave to say that it would give him great pain to be instrumental of wounding the delicacy of any of the highly respectable individuals of whom he has spoken ; but that, from the distinction which most of them have obtained, he considered their *whole* characters so much the property of the world, that the minutest incidents in respect to them, as they could scarcely fail to be interesting, at least to the American public, might be told without any violation of strict decorum. If the letters should ever fall into the hands of any of the individuals referred to—which there is very little reason to expect—and should excite a moment's regret on the ground just mentioned, the writer begs that the deep interest which he took in their society, and the strong desire which he feels that their characters may be more fully known by his countrymen, may be admitted as an apology.

delightful and commanding eminence. I was particularly interested in having pointed out to me from this place, on a neighboring hill, the church of Harrow, at which Mr. Cunningham officiates, the well known author of "The World without Souls," "The Velvet Cushion," &c.—The school to which I have referred, is equally distinguished for the order of the students, the excellence of the accommodations, and the superiority of the instruction. The present number of students is about eighty; and the expense varies from fifty guineas to fifteen pounds per annum, according to the ability of the student. One lad of between sixteen and seventeen years of age, was pointed out to me as possessing, in the opinion of Doctor Gregory, the finest mathematical talents which have been discovered for many years; and as having already made attainments in mathematical science, which indicate that he is destined to the highest distinction.

I think you will not doubt that my excursion to-day has more than repaid me for all the trouble it has cost, even when I tell you that our coachman, who was directed to call for us a short distance from High Wood, mistook the road, and we were obliged, in consequence, to make a pedestrian tour of about nine miles. But we were both of us so delightfully impressed with the interview which we had had, that we very cheerfully submitted to the walk, and beguiled the length of it by recounting the pleasant incidents by which our excursion had been attended.

I am, Dear Sir, yours very faithfully.

LETTER XIV.

London, March 27, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I have been so much in the way of giving you an account of *men*, and have said comparatively so little of *things*, since I have been here, that you may perhaps think my curiosity in respect to the former has led me to neglect the latter altogether. To convince you that this is not quite true, I am going to devote part of this letter to an enumeration—for it can be little more than an enumeration—of some of the interesting objects and places which I have visited in this great city.

I believe I have already alluded to the fact of my having ascended the magnificent dome of St. Paul's Church. The magnitude of this building, the beauty of the interior, the richness of its paintings, its whispering gallery, which seems almost like a place of magic, with its immense bells and clock, render it at once one of the most imposing, superb, and curious edifices which the world affords. A small chapel only in this building is devoted to public worship: the edifice itself stands principally as an ornament to the city, and as a noble monument of art.

A few days since, I took a boat in company with one of my friends, Rev. Mr. B. to whose kindness I am greatly indebted, and sailed a mile or two up the Thames, in order to have a fine view of Waterloo bridge, and that part of the city which borders upon the river. We landed near Westminster Abbey, and went to visit this magnificent receptacle of the dead. But instead of attempting a description of it, to which I confess that I feel myself wholly incompetent,

especially on so short a visit, I will simply give you a list of some of the monuments which I contemplated with most interest, and in the same order in which I viewed them. They were those of Shakspeare, Garrick, Dryden, Sheridan, Johnson, Handel, Goldsmith, Barrow, Addison, Major Andre, William Pitt, Percival, (assassinated in the House of Commons by Bellingham,) Sir Isaac Newton, Doctor South, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, Edward I, General Wolfe, George Canning, Charles Fox, Henry Grattan, and Lord Mansfield; and the list might be continued almost indefinitely. The splendor of most of these monuments corresponds with the brilliant career of those whose memories they are designed to perpetuate. Some of them are particularly interesting to the antiquary, as specimens of the taste of generations which have gone before us. Here also are to be seen the chairs in which the King and Queen are crowned: they bear marks of great antiquity, and have been not a little cut and injured by thievish visitors, who, not satisfied with occupying them for a short time, have carried them off by piecemeal, as if every piece that was obtained was a splinter or shaving of royalty. I am sure that a lover of the arts might linger for months in Westminster Abbey, and then find himself surrounded by an immense field of beauty and grandeur, which he had only begun to explore. But, after all, I must confess that my impression in respect to this, as of the splendid cemetery in Paris, is, that there is a sort of painful discrepancy between such dazzling magnificence and the simple and humble condition of the dead. To my mind, the association which brings together the most superlative decorations of the chisel, and the mouldering and

corrupted remains of man, is too violent. If I wished to have my mind overwhelmed with an exhibition of worldly grandeur, or my taste gratified by the finest monuments of art, I would certainly go to Pere la Chaise or Westminster Abbey; but if I wished to indulge the simple emotions, which, it seems to me, are most appropriate to a contemplation of the real desolations of the tomb, I should much sooner sit myself down among the monuments of some retired and humble church-yard.

In connexion with Westminster Abbey, I would mention another celebrated burial-place, known by the name of Bunhill-fields, which is one of the most ancient in London. I know not that it embosoms the dust of a great number of poets, or orators, or statesmen; and the monuments which it contains, though immensely numerous, are generally simple and unadorned; but it does contain the dust of a greater number of holy men, and especially eminent ministers of the Gospel, than perhaps any other burial-place on the globe. Here you walk over the remains of Bunyan and Owen, Bates and Watts, and a multitude of others, whose names are associated with all that is devoted in piety, and all that is noble in intellect, and whose memories have long since been enbalméd by the church of God. The places where some of these distinguished men once preached were pointed out to me, and particularly the Berry-street Chapel, in which Doctor Watts stately officiated for many years. The church beneath which lie the remains of Richard Baxter, and that under which John Milton is buried, have also been shown me. I have walked through Smithfield market, the ground on which John Rogers, and many others of whom

the world was not worthy, suffered martyrdom ; and have passed through the gate-way by which they went from the church, after hearing what was called the *condemned sermon*, into the field, to ascend to glory from amidst flames and fagots. These are places which are rendered interesting now only by association ; but I confess that to my mind they have opened a more interesting field of contemplation than the most stupendous works of art which have fallen within my observation. One of the most interesting things connected with London, is, as one of my friends remarked the other day, that many parts of it not only suggest many interesting associations, but that these associations are often three or four deep ; meaning that the same place has been the theatre of several important historical occurrences, during perhaps as many successive generations.

The most fashionable and magnificent part of London is the West end of the town. The splendid palaces, and extensive Parks, and beautiful Gardens to be seen here, give to this part of the city an appearance of variegated grandeur and elegance, which I imagine is scarcely any where else to be found. Regent's Park, particularly, is deservedly admired both for its extent and beauty. Regent's-street is almost a street of palaces, and certainly presents an exhibition of wealth and splendor, which we look for in vain on our side of the Atlantic. But whether it be because I did not see this far-famed street to the best advantage, or whether it be because Broadway is in America, I must confess that on the whole I am inclined to give the preference to the latter ; for though it is less splendid than Regent's-street, it is far more airy and regular.

A few days before I arrived in London, the melancholy catastrophe took place of the falling of the Brunswick Theatre. I have been to the spot, and seen the frightful mass of ruins, beneath which at least eleven poor mortals were crushed, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, sent to their final account. The event, awful as it was, has not imposed even a momentary check on this corrupt and corrupting institution. It has been noticed in several pulpits, and once or twice in my hearing, in a very suitable and impressive manner. I am happy to learn, by the way, that theatrical amusements in London are evidently on the decline. I have heard it accounted for partly from the increasing influence of evangelical religion, and partly from the fact that the higher classes dine at too late an hour to permit them to attend. It is, of course, chiefly as the former cause operates, that the effect can be considered as indicating a favorable change in the state of public morals ; as it may fairly be presumed that people who are absent from the Theatre for no better reason than that the play interferes with their hour of dining, will seek some other amusement whose influence on society is scarcely less to be deprecated.

I expect to-morrow to take leave of London, with almost an assurance of never seeing it again. But the few weeks which I have passed here have been weeks of great interest, and fruitful in incidents the recollection of which will, I trust, be to me a rich source of pleasure, while I live. I leave behind me many of the kindest and best people whom I ever knew ; for it is a fact which I should not omit to state, that in the circle into which I have been providentially thrown, not only the standard of hospitality, but the standard

of piety, is exceedingly elevated. I leave them with feelings of deep regret, but it is a regret chastened by the reflection that I may hope ere long to meet most of them in a world, where painful separations will be unknown, and Christian friendships will be eternal.

I am, Dear Sir, with sincere regard, Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

Bath, March 28, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—At a quarter past six yesterday morning, I left London in the stage coach, and before seven in the evening, was set down in Bath, distant one hundred and five miles. The perfection to which stage travelling is carried in this country, taking this short distance as a specimen, (and I am told it is a fair one,) considerably exceeds the greatest expedition which stages make in America. The horses are decidedly of a superior quality, and are regularly changed once in six or eight miles, with the loss of scarcely a minute. The coaches are large and commodious, constructed with several seats on the outside, and licensed to carry eighteen passengers. The drivers are very respectable in their appearance, dressed like gentlemen, and expect the gratuity of a shilling from every passenger. This, though quite at the option of the passenger whether to bestow it or not, is given almost as a matter of course, and is always received with a "thank'ee sir; I am much obliged to you sir." But if it happens to be withheld, instead of civil words, there generally comes out a torrent of wrath and railing. The roads are perfectly hard and smooth, so that though the coach passes ten miles an hour, the motion is so slight as to

be scarcely perceptible. In my journey yesterday, rapid as it was, I experienced so little fatigue, that had I not known to the contrary, I should hardly have suspected at evening, that I had been travelling at all during the day.

The first object of particular interest which I passed after leaving London, was Windsor Castle—the magnificent residence of the British Sovereigns, distant from the city twenty-two miles. It is a huge and splendid pile of buildings, delightfully situated on the summit of a hill, whose base towards the North, is washed by the waters of the Thames. The Royal Park extends for many miles in a westerly direction from the Castle, possesses a great diversity of surface, and is embellished with some fine forest scenery. The King has his residence here during a considerable part of the year, though I am told that he is rarely seen, even by those who live nearest his dwelling. He is said to be much less social in his habits than the late King ; and I was not a little surprised to hear several gentlemen in London remark that they had never seen him. It is well understood that he is far from being a religious man ; and yet, from some cause or other, he has chosen a decidedly evangelical man to be his Chaplain, and is accustomed to hear the Gospel preached, whenever he attends church, which, I am told, is pretty regularly. The following anecdote was related to me of his present Majesty, as being well authenticated. When he was in Ireland two or three years since, he told Lord Roden, a man of decided Christian character, that on a particular morning he was coming to breakfast with him. He accordingly came, bringing with him two or three of the nobility, and happened to arrive just as his lordship had his family

assembled for domestic worship. Lord R. being told that his honorable guest had arrived, went to the door, and met him with every expression of respect, and seated him and the gentlemen who accompanied him in his parlor. He then turned to the King and said, "Your Majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honored by this visit; but there is a duty which I have not yet discharged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship: and your Majesty will be kind enough to excuse me, while I retire with my household, and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the King, "*but I am going with you,*" and immediately rose and followed him down into the hall, where his family were assembled, and taking his station in an old armed chair, which I understand has acquired an immense value from that circumstance, remained during the family devotions. This anecdote certainly reflects honor both upon his lordship and his Majesty; while it exhibits in the one, the dignity of unyielding Christian principle, it displays in the other, at least the courtesy of a gentleman, and the natural homage which every man feels for a consistent, religious character.

But to return from this *royal* digression:—At a short distance from Windsor Castle, we had a fine view of Eton College, which is delightfully situated, and is said to contain one of the finest libraries in Europe. From two students of the College with whom I travelled to this place, I learned that it has at present between five and six hundred students, from six to nineteen years of age, who are under the care of eleven instructors.

We passed through a considerable number of villages and

towns on our way from London to this place, the most important of which are Reading, Newbury, and Marlborough. The latter lies in a beautiful valley, and has an enchanting appearance, as you descend into it. The Duke of Marlborough resides at a short distance from this place, in a fine forest which we saw on our left. In the County of Wiltshire, a few miles West of Marlborough, we passed a large artificial mound, the origin of which has been a subject of much conjecture with the curious ; but it is generally supposed to have been a burying place for those who fell in some great battle, in an early period of the country. Near this mound, there is the figure of a huge white horse, cut out of a chalk hill. It has been conjectured by some to have been part of the Danish standard, and to be in the neighborhood of a place which was formerly occupied by a Danish camp ; but in respect to its origin, as in the case just mentioned, history is silent. I have also had a distant view of some ancient Castles to-day, and have come over ground which was the theatre of some of Oliver Cromwell's battles. The country has been, in general, thickly inhabited, and in such a state of cultivation as to give it almost the appearance of a continued garden. The first view of this city which I had, was at the distance of seven or eight miles. The approach to it, like the city itself, is beautiful,—the country for a considerable distance being quite romantic in its appearance, and displaying much elegant taste, both in cultivation and architecture.

Though I had often heard this city spoken of as among the finest in the kingdom, and even in Europe, I confess that it quite answers, in point of beauty, any expectation I had formed of it. It owes its origin and importance principally

to its medicinal Springs, and is one of the most frequented and fashionable watering places in England. The buildings are generally of free stone, and in a style of uncommon elegance ; and they rise successively above each other, by a progressive and beautiful elevation. In walking rapidly over the city, I noticed several streets and public places as possessing uncommon beauty ; particularly the Circus, a pile of uniform structure, adorned with various orders of architecture, and the ornaments peculiar to each ; and the Royal Crescent, a noble assemblage of buildings, of an elliptical form, with a single order of Ionic pillars supporting the superior cornice. The ascent from the lower to the upper part of the city is rather steep ; but the fine specimens of architecture which constantly arrest the attention, and the constantly extending prospect of the valley beneath, and the hills around, and the Avon by which the town is divided, easily make one forget the fatigue of the walk. The public buildings are generally of a superior order, as is the bridge across the Avon, which unites the two parts of the city. I have been exceedingly gratified by my visit here, and have only to regret that my view of the town has been necessarily a rapid and superficial one.

During my short stay in Bath, I have had the pleasure of spending a little time with the Rev. Mr. Jay, whose name is well known in America, and who has long been one of the most popular preachers in England. He is minister of the Argyle Chapel, which accommodates twelve hundred persons, and which is said to be crowded on the Sabbath to overflowing. He was educated by the Rev. Mr. Winter, a distinguished minister, whose biography he has written ;

commenced preaching at the age of sixteen, and shortly acquired such popularity that he was even advertised in the public papers as the "Prodigy;" was early settled at Bath, where he has continued to labor till this time, and I am informed has been unusually successful in his ministry. He is now fifty-nine years of age, but is quite vigorous, and preaches and publishes more than almost any other minister in England. I am happy to say that he will accompany me to Bristol to-day, and that I have the prospect, very unexpectedly, of hearing him preach to-morrow.

With great regard, I am, Dear Sir, yours truly.

LETTER XVI.

Bristol, March 31, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I had a delightful ride from Bath to this place on Saturday, with Mr. and Mrs. Jay; and though I have seen less of Bristol than I hope to before leaving it, I believe I have seen and heard enough to furnish matter for a letter. Bristol and Bath are distant from each other but nine miles. The ride from one place to the other, though not otherwise than pleasant, presents nothing of remarkable interest, till on ascending a hill, within a mile or two of Bristol, the city suddenly bursts upon you. Like ancient Rome, it is situated on seven hills; and these elevations, together with the circuitous courses of two rivers through the city, give it a peculiarly healthful and charming appearance. Here are nineteen churches belonging to the establishment, the spires of which are all to be seen from some of the surrounding hills. One of these churches, that of St. Mary, is considered the finest parochial church, and one

of the most perfect specimens of ornamented Gothic architecture, in the kingdom. It is between five and six hundred years old, and resembles very much some of the most splendid churches that I have seen on the Continent. A Catholic, on going into it not long since, is said to have exclaimed with a burst of indignation in reference to its being now devoted to Protestant worship, "Ah you robbed my father of this!"

You are aware, I suppose, that the celebrated Robert Hall resides in this city, being successor, in Broadmead Chapel, to the late Rev. Dr. Ryland; and you will not wonder that the plan of hearing him preach, should have entered primarily into my arrangements for the Sabbath. I was gratified on my arrival to learn that he was in town, and would officiate at his own chapel on Sabbath morning. I accordingly went to his place of worship at an early hour yesterday morning, presuming that it might be crowded, and the precaution of going early might be necessary in order to secure a seat: but though the house is not large, I was surprised to find that there were many vacant seats in different parts of it. Previous to the commencement of the service, the clerk rose and read a communication the substance of which was as follows:—that it had been remarked that the members of that congregation were particularly given to coughing; and that they were earnestly entreated to hold their peace during the service, &c. This to me was not only a novel but rather an alarming communication; for as I happened to have a violent cold, I was quite sure that I should be set down as an offender. On account of Mr. Hall's feeble health, the service was commenced and

continued to the close of the first prayer by Mr. C., one of the Professors in the Baptist Theological Seminary in this place. He then left the desk, and Mr. Hall walked in from the vestry and took his place. He is of about a medium height, is rather inclined to corpulency, has a bold and striking countenance, and an eye the most expressive and piercing. The appearance of the man is altogether extraordinary ; such as, if you had never heard of him, would lead you to expect that he would not speak long, without exhibiting intellectual greatness. He announced his text with so feeble a voice, that it required an effort for me to understand a word of it ; and before he had uttered two sentences, I resolved on an attempt to obtain a seat nearer the pulpit. I accordingly stepped out of the pew in which I sat, and walked up the aisle, thinking it possible that some one might offer me a more commodious seat ; but being disappointed in this, I took my station on a bench in the aisle almost directly beneath the pulpit ; which, though rather humble, afforded me an opportunity of seeing and hearing to the best advantage. For the first few minutes, I must acknowledge that I was disappointed. The manner was extremely feeble, and the thoughts were not greatly distinguished either for boldness or originality. Before he had proceeded far, however, I perceived that his feelings began to kindle, and that I was coming, almost insensibly, under a sort of electrical influence. Though not a word of the discourse was written, his delivery was extremely rapid, and every thought was expressed with as much precision and elegance as if it had been carefully committed to paper. There was the same length of sentences, the same graceful and flowing style, the

same majesty of conception, by which his printed sermons are so strikingly characterised. His manner, as he advanced, became powerfully impressive ; the awkward gesture, with which he began, of pulling the leaves of the Bible, he exchanged for a dignified and energetic motion of the hand ; and his burning thoughts seemed to brighten every feature of his countenance, and nerve every muscle of his frame. His eloquence was the farthest possible from any thing like rhetorical flourish ; it indicated nothing like effort, not even the consciousness of its magic power to sway, and melt, and agitate at pleasure ; it seemed rather the natural and simple operation of a mind, which could not move without leaving behind it a track of glory ; whose element was the brilliancy of the sun combined with the grandeur of the storm. His discourse, at its commencement, was like a stream at its rise, so inconsiderable that you might almost pass it without observation. In its progress, it was like the same stream, expanding itself into a bold river, whose deep and chrystal waters, rolling in silent majesty, reflect the brightest images which the sun ever paints upon the clouds. At its close, it was like the same stream pouring itself over a mighty cataract, with an impetuosity which causes the earth to shake around you, and yet with all the brilliancy which the sun shining in his strength, and the rainbow casting its beautiful hues upon the surges, could impart. I had no doubt that I had had the privilege of hearing one of the noblest performances of this extraordinary man ; and have since been informed that it was so regarded by his congregation, and that I might hear him constantly for a year, and probably not hear another equally eloquent sermon. I must acknowledge

that after the specimen which I have had, I am quite prepared to accord with the popular sentiment in Great Britain that Robert Hall is the greatest preacher of the present day.

In the evening, I attended worship at Castle Green Chapel, where I had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Jay. Here also I was highly gratified by the service, though the emotions which it excited were of quite a different character from those which I had felt under the preaching of Mr. Hall. Mr. Jay, as every one knows who has read his sermons, is remarkable for invention. He has the talent of throwing an air of novelty over the most common subject ; of surprising you with beautiful imagery amidst the most familiar illustration ; and of finding his way to your heart by many avenues, which, but for him, you would say, would never have been explored. In his descriptions, he is remarkably graphic ; and uses a great deal of Scripture language, with uncommon beauty and effect. His manner is a fine compound of sweetness, dignity and familiarity : his personal appearance is commanding, his voice melodious, his gestures natural and graceful. It is not his way to take his audience by storm, but rather to draw them by the golden cord of persuasion. His mode of preaching unites, perhaps, the most important advantages of extemporaneous speaking and reading ; for, while he has all the advantages of mature preparation, he preaches from short notes which do not at all embarrass him in the delivery. He preached last evening to an overflowing congregation, as I understand he always does in Bristol, when it is known that he is to be the preacher.

I am, Dear Sir, as ever, yours truly

LETTER XVII.

Bristol, April 1, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—If you are aware that Barley Wood, the far-famed residence of Mrs. Hannah More, is but ten miles from Bristol, you will not be surprised to know that I have given a day to visiting that delightful spot, and that incomparable woman. This indeed constituted part of the plan of my tour from the moment that I determined to visit England ; and having accomplished my purpose, I am happy now to be able to give you an account of one of the most interesting interviews I have ever enjoyed, while the particulars of it are fresh in my recollection.

Yesterday morning I set out in company with my friend Mr. H. of this city, a gentleman whose friendly attentions have contributed greatly to render my visit here agreeable—for Mrs. More's residence. As the morning was delightful, we had a fine view from some of the neighboring hills of the city and its environs, and particularly of the celebrated village of Clifton, whose wild and beautiful scenery has called into exercise some of the most exquisite powers of the pen and the pencil. After travelling over a delightful country about nine miles, we found by inquiry that we were quite near the celebrated cottage, a sight of which, with its venerable inhabitant, was the object of our excursion ; and we soon turned out of the main road, and followed rather an obscure path for nearly a mile, till we reached the gate of Barley Wood. We were gratified to learn from the servant at the door, that Mrs. M. was in comparatively comfortable health ; as we had heard of her having been recently ill, and

were apprehensive that she might still be too feeble to receive company. We were seated for a few moments in the parlor, the walls of which are nearly lined with the portraits of distinguished men, many of them Mrs. M.'s intimate friends. I sent up my letters of introduction, and the servant soon returned with a request that we would walk into the apartment in which Mrs. M. was sitting. When we entered the room, she rose and shook hands with us in a familiar and pleasant manner, which made me quite forget the embarrassment which I was prepared to feel on approaching so exalted a character. She is rather small in stature, has a most regular and expressive countenance, and an eye which beams forth nothing but intelligence and benignity. She is now eighty-three years of age ; and for the last five years has been confined to her room by bodily indisposition, except that in the Summer season, she has been occasionally carried out, and drawn by her servants in a hand-carriage about her grounds. She soon spoke of her "dear friend, Mr. Wilberforce," in connexion with the letter which I had brought from him ; and when I told her that I had lately spent a most delightful hour and a half in his company, she replied that she had no doubt it was an hour and a half spent near the threshold of heaven. She observed that Mr. W. was one of her oldest friends ; that his writings had produced a very beneficial effect on the higher circles in this country ; and "his prayers," said she, "in my family, when he is here, are heavenly." When I remarked on the beautiful situation of Barley Wood, she replied that she should send her servant soon to conduct us over her little domain, and requested that we would particularly notice a monument that she had

erected in honor of John Locke, and another to the memory of her "dear friend," Bishop Porteus; "but," said she, "you must first view the different prospects which I have from my house." After pointing out to us some of the many beautiful objects to be seen from the room in which we were sitting, she conducted us into an adjoining apartment, which was her sleeping room; and pointing to an armed chair, "that chair," said she, "I call my home. Here," looking out of a window, "is what I call my *moral* prospect. You see yonder distant hill which limits the prospect in that direction. You see this tree before my window directly in range of the hill. The tree, you observe, from being near, *appears* higher than the hill which is distant; though the hill actually *is* much higher than the tree. Now this tree represents to my mind the objects of time; that hill, the objects of eternity. The former, like the tree, from being viewed near at hand, appear great; the latter, like the hill, from being viewed at a distance, appear small." Speaking of the enfeebled state of my health, which was the occasion of my present absence from home, she advised me to be particularly on my guard against undue excitement. "The disciples," she observed, "could sleep in sorrow;" and she had found that she could sleep far better after a day of affliction, than after an interview which had caused much excitement. Her own character through life, she said, had been marked by impatience; not that impatience which would lead her to be peevish towards her servants or others around her; but that which led her to push on a work, when she had commenced it, till it was completed; and to this trait in her character, especially, she attributed the fact of

her having written so much. She remarked that she had never been able to quote from her own writings ; that her companion would often read to her paragraphs from them, and she did not recognize them as her own ; and though her memory, in regard to most subjects, seems to be very perfect, she assured us that she could not now recollect the titles of all her works ; and having occasion to refer to one of them while we were sitting with her, she looked up to the book-case in which they were, and said, " I do not remember the title, but it is something about Christianity I believe." She presented me with her last work on the Spirit of Prayer, saying that it was principally a compilation from her other works, and was dictated to a friend, while she was confined to her bed, and supposed herself near the gate of eternity ; that she felt the importance of the subject so deeply, that she determined to send the work to the press, though the sale of it should be limited to fifty copies ; but that eight thousand copies were disposed of within less than six months. She also presented me with another work of her's, which I had never seen before, entitled, " Hints to a Young Princess ;" and accounted for its not having been printed in America, as her other works have been, from the fact that it was deemed inapplicable to our form of government ; though, she remarked, that with the exception of forty pages, it applied equally to the education of all females in the higher walks of life. Of the late Princess Charlotte, for whose benefit this work was particularly designed, she spoke as a most amiable, accomplished and promising character, and expressed the hope that she died the death of the righteous. Mrs. M. dissuaded her from learning music, on the ground

that it would occupy time, which might be employed by her in more important pursuits ; and that it was unnecessary, inasmuch as she could always have professors of eminence to perform in her presence. She told us that the place on which she resides had been in her possession twenty-six years ; that when she purchased it, it was in a wild, uncultivated state ; and that whatever ornamental trees or shrubs we should see in walking over it, were planted by her own hand. As we passed round the enclosure, we saw at almost every step some monument of the taste of this wonderful woman. We were particularly struck with the wild beauty of a Druidical temple, as Mrs. M. called it, made of knots of oak, disposed in such a manner as to represent the most fanciful figures. Mrs. M.'s dwelling is a thatched cottage, standing on the declivity of a gently sloping hill, overlooking the church and village of Wrington, a charming verdant vale, and commanding a view of Bristol channel, and a beautiful range of hills which skirt the distant horizon. After going over her grounds, we returned for a short time to her chamber, where she had provided some refreshment for us, and where she again entertained us by her delightful conversation. On taking leave of her, she expressed the kindest sentiments, and, with an air of unaffected humility, desired me to remember her in my approaches to a throne of mercy ; and added that she attached great importance to intercessory prayer ; and that she felt that she was a poor creature who needed an interest in the prayers of God's people as much as any one.

After leaving this interesting spot, which I am sure will be associated through life with some of my most delightful

recollections, we rode into the village of Wrington, distant about half a mile, to see the birth-place of the illustrious Locke. It was not the residence of his parents, but providentially his mother was there at the time of his birth. The house in which he was born is very small, and is occupied by Mrs. More's washer-woman. The old lady who inhabits it seemed very familiar with the honor which appertained to her dwelling, and showed us the chamber in which the illustrious philosopher first saw the light ; but though she talked abundantly of John Locke, she evidently knew as little who he was, as any old lady of the same standing on the opposite side of the Atlantic. On leaving Wrington, we again passed Barley Wood on our return to Bristol ; and I kept my eye on that charming spot till it was hidden behind the hill, though my imagination still lingers about it with unabated interest. I could not but reflect, when I heard Mrs. M. converse, and recollected what she had been, and saw what she was, that her's was one of the most honored, useful and happy lives that the world has known. In her progress through life, she has diffused blessings at every step ; and has probably contributed far more to elevate the standard of female education and female character, than any other person living. Her old age is rendered serene and cheerful by a review of her past life on the one hand, and by a firm trust in the Saviour on the other ; and she is now waiting, in the bright hope of immortality, till her change come. Few indeed can hope to descend to the tomb like her, amidst the benedictions of a world ; but there are none who may not aspire to that which constitutes her noblest distinction—a life of faith and piety.

I have extended the account of my visit to Barley Wood much beyond what I intended ; but if any apology is necessary, you have it in the fact that it has made an impression upon my mind which disposes me just at present to write and talk of nothing else.

I am, Dear Sir, as ever, your sincere friend.

LETTER XVIII.

Bristol, April 2, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—In a preceding letter I have given you some account of Robert Hall *in the pulpit* ; in this I am going to give you my impressions respecting him *in private life* ; for it has been my privilege, since I have been here, to pass an evening in his company in a social circle, and to spend several hours with him in his own family. His name is so well known and his character so highly respected on our side of the Atlantic, that I flatter myself that no apology will be necessary for introducing him a second time, in company with another distinguished man, to your notice.

Mr. Hall has from his infancy been subject to a distressing complaint in his back, called the *tic dolooureux*. In consequence of this, he has been obliged, during his whole life, to make very liberal use of opium ; the effect of which is simply a temporary relief from pain, his constitution having never sustained the least injury from this long continued habit. Wherever he may be, whether at home or abroad, he is obliged, during the greater part of the time, to be in a horizontal posture, this being the most favorable to the suspension of his pain. He is the most incessant smoker that I ever knew. He smokes, literally, when he lies down

and when he rises up ; in the house and by the way ; he smokes till he goes from the vestry into the pulpit, and smokes as soon as he has returned from the pulpit to the vestry. Whether or not he has resorted to this on account of the complaint by which he is afflicted, I have no knowledge.

Mr. Hall's powers of conversation are not at all inferior to his powers of preaching. Two evenings since I had the pleasure of meeting him with a few of his friends, among whom was the celebrated John Foster, the author of the *Essays*, at Mr. Anderson's, one of the professors in the Theological Seminary. During the whole evening Mr. H. lay extended upon three chairs, at his usual employment of smoking ; though he was not prevented either by his posture or his pipe, from bearing a very brilliant part in the conversation. A single hint upon a subject will often bring his gigantic powers into exercise, and excite him to a strain of eloquent discussion which is listened to with equal delight and astonishment. An example of this occurred the other evening. One of the gentlemen inquired of me whether there was much effort making in America to resist the introduction of illegitimate words and phrases into the language. Mr. H. availed himself of the hint suggested by this inquiry to discuss the general subject to which it referred ; and maintained with great eloquence and learning that the object of a dictionary should be to ascertain and fix the meaning of words, and thus to render the language stable, rather than by multiplying their number to keep it in a state of constant fluctuation. Though he conversed a great deal during the evening, and often expressed his opinion with great positiveness, there was nothing that indicated the least approach to

ostentation ; and when he was throwing out his finest thoughts,—thoughts which made every ear tingle and every heart thrill,—you would not have known from his manner that he was conscious that he was not dealing in the most thread-bare common places. Like most men of a sanguine temperament, I am told that he forms his opinion hastily, and sometimes expresses it rashly ; but be it right or wrong, you may be quite sure that he is ready to defend it with great power and eloquence.

In the interview which I have had with Mr. H. in his family, he has given me a most favorable impression of the kindness of his feelings, and of the strength of his piety. He is sometimes considered as stern ; and I am not surprised at it ; for I confess I had at first the same impression ; but I have no doubt that whatever apparent sternness there may sometimes be in his manners, is attributable to the violent pain which he almost constantly endures. It is well known that he has been, and still is, a great champion for open communion. He remarked that he had much more fellowship of feeling for an Independent, or Presbyterian, than for a strict communion Baptist ; for while he regarded the former as wrong only in respect to form, he considered the latter as wrong in a matter of vital importance to the interests of religion. He is the pastor both of an Independent and Baptist church worshipping in the same congregation, and administers the ordinance of the Supper to each of them separately, because many of the Baptist church adhere to strict communion ; but he expresses the opinion that the cause of open communion is gaining ground, particularly among young ministers ; though but few churches in this

country have yet dared to avow themselves on the liberal side. He expressed the highest opinion of President Edwards, and observed that he was the prince of American divines, and never had his superior in this or any other country. Mr. Hall is now about sixty-two years of age, and with the exception of the constitutional complaint which I have mentioned, enjoys good health. Unhappily for the world, I am told that he writes but little, and that that little he regards as drudgery. Nothing posthumous, it is said, can be expected from his pen. He is exceedingly domestic in his habits, and rarely goes from home, except from necessity. On the whole, I need not say that I have been exceedingly interested in my intercourse with him, and that I expect the remembrance of it will be always among the most pleasant of my trans-atlantic recollections.

I have mentioned the name of John Foster. Of his character as a writer you of course need no information. He is like Mr. Hall, an open communion Baptist. He resides in Bristol, and occasionally preaches, but has no particular charge. He is rather more than fifty years old, is somewhat above the ordinary stature, is plain and unassuming in his manners, and converses with much force and originality. Some gentleman—I believe it was Mr. Hall—remarked in my hearing the other evening, that Foster was, in his appearance, the best model of an ancient philosopher to be found at the present day. He made many inquiries in respect to the American church, and manifested great interest in hearing of its prosperity. His popularity as a writer in this country, as in our own, is nearly unrivalled. So long as Bristol continues to be the residence of two such men as

Robert Hall and John Foster, it can never want attractions to the admirers of taste, genius, or eloquence.

With sincere regard, I am, Dear Sir, yours truly.

LETTER XIX.

Birmingham, April 4, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—You have only to look at the dates of my letters, to see that I am constantly on the wing, and of course that the only observations which I can make upon the country, must be of a superficial kind. This remark applies particularly to Birmingham, a town of great extent and containing one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, in which I have spent little more than a single day. But the result of my observations, however general, I am now going to give you.

The country from Bristol to Birmingham, like every other part of England which I have yet seen, is highly cultivated, and rich in beautiful scenery. This is particularly the case in the vicinity of Bristol, where you have a fine view of the Channel, the coast of Wales, and a considerable extent of surrounding country. The principal towns and cities on this route are,—Gloucester, situated on a gentle eminence rising from the East side of the river Severn, and containing nearly twenty thousand inhabitants ;—Cheltenham, celebrated for the salubrity of its medicinal waters, the splendor of its buildings, and the attractions which it presents to a life of idleness and pleasure ;—Tewksbury, situated in the Vale of Evesham, on the eastern bank of the Avon ;—Worcester, skirted by the waters of the Severn, celebrated as having been the see of Bishop Latimer, the martyr ;—and Bromsgrove,

which possesses a chalybeate spring, and petrifying well. On approaching Birmingham, the country becomes quite hilly, and for two or three miles before entering the town, you have a pleasant view of it.

On my way from Bristol to this place, I was not a little amused in observing the diversity of dialect among the passengers in the stage coach, who happened to be from different Counties in England. Though they all professedly spoke English, yet the pronunciation of most of them was so barbarous, that their language was to me, in a great measure, unintelligible. The provincialisms in this country are far more numerous, and much more strongly marked, than in ours. This remark applies principally to the lower classes, though it applies, in a degree also, to educated people. I do not think that I claim too much for my country, when I express the conviction that she has been more successful in preserving the purity of the English language among all classes, than even the mother country herself.

Birmingham is situated on a hill, and, as you know, is one of the principal manufacturing towns in the kingdom. Its appearance is not very interesting, and the less so, as it is almost constantly enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The houses are almost all of brick, and are generally, not remarkable for elegance. The streets are, for the most part, wide and clean, and present the appearance of great bustle and activity. Though the nucleus of the town is ancient, far the greater part of it is modern; and it is only within the last century, that it has risen to any thing like the extensive and commanding influence which it now possesses. It is particularly celebrated for its manufacture of hardware,

consisting of almost every article of iron, steel or brass. But so short has been my stay here, that the only manufacturing establishments which I have had an opportunity to visit are the rolling mill, in which copper and other metals are rolled out to save the labor of beating ; and the japaning manufactory, in which paper, by a curious process, is changed into the richest japan ware. Several small articles of this kind of ware were shown me, the price of each of which was no less than seven guineas. The public buildings here are not generally distinguished for elegance. Among the handsomest of them are the General Hospital, St. Paul's Church, and the edifice containing the Public Library. Among the most important charitable institutions, beside the Hospital already mentioned, are the Dispensary, the Alms-houses, the Society for educating the Deaf and Dumb, the Free School founded by Edward VI, the Dissenting Charity School for Girls, &c. &c. In the market-place there is a fine statue of Lord Nelson, which was erected in 1809, and is considered as among the principal ornaments of the town.

The Dissenting interest in this place is strong, and the congregations numerous and respectable. The chapel in which Mr. James officiates is one of the finest buildings of the kind in England. It accommodates nineteen hundred people, and is usually filled on the Sabbath. Mr. J. has a high reputation as an eloquent preacher. Birmingham is said to be the strong hold of Unitarianism in England, having been for a long time the residence of one of its most distinguished advocates, Dr. Priestley. There are two or three chapels here belonging to this denomination, which I am told are well attended, and by many persons of great

opulence and respectability. The form which Unitarianism assumes here, and with very few exceptions through the country, is humanitarianism ; insomuch that an Arian congregation,—one of the very few remaining ones in England, if not the only one,—not long since wishing to obtain a minister of their own sentiments, found it a matter of great difficulty ; and whether they succeeded at last, I am not quite certain. There is but little intercourse of any kind between the Unitarian and Evangelical ministers, though there are some instances in which they co-operate for the circulation of the Bible:

I am, Dear Sir, as ever, yours truly.

LETTER XX.

Manchester, April 7, 1823.

MY DEAR SIR—I left Birmingham the same morning on which my last was dated, and arrived at this place, distant about one hundred miles, before evening. On leaving Birmingham, we passed into the town of Bilstone, and thence to Wednesbury, two places of no great magnitude, but rendered important by their being exceedingly productive of coal. The brick chimneys, nearly one hundred feet in height, were thickly scattered over the fields ; many of which sent forth a stream of fire, while others emitted only smoke. The process of raising coal from the earth is by the steam engine, which we frequently saw in operation as we passed along. The volumes of smoke and fire which are ascending on every side, give to the whole region an aspect almost terrific. The inhabitants, it is said, from living constantly in these territories of Vulcan, are but little annoyed

by the smoke ; but the mere passing through them is, to a stranger, a serious inconvenience.

The principal towns on this route are Wolverhampton, Stafford, Stone, and Newcastle. I observed some old castles in ruins, and many superb country seats, and some noble specimens of architecture in ancient churches. These churches, I must acknowledge, are to me among the most interesting objects that the country affords. With us, you know, we think it a great thing, on inquiring the age of a church, to be told that it has stood a single century ; but here, it is no uncommon thing to have churches pointed out to you, that have witnessed the lapse of six or eight centuries. These buildings are in Gothic style, and some of them very spacious and richly ornamented. In passing them I have more than once been struck by the thought, that there the worship of God was professedly celebrated during the ages in which gross darkness rested upon the people, and long before the forests of America had echoed the voice of civilized man.

The country in the neighborhood of Manchester is very level ; and in approaching the town from Birmingham particularly, there is scarcely any view to be obtained of it, till you are actually within its limits. The approach to it, however, is delightful, there being for a considerable distance a succession of elegant dwellings, many of which are surrounded with fine rural scenery. The town occupies nearly a dead level ; containing a population of two hundred thousand, being second in England only to London ; and is the first town in the kingdom, and probably the first in the world, in respect to its manufactures. The high rank which

it holds in the scale of commercial importance, is to be attributed chiefly to the nature and extent of the improvements introduced into the cotton spinning trade.

The number of Dissenting churches in Manchester, of different denominations, is, I am informed, upwards of thirty. Of these a highly respectable part,—respectable both in point of numbers and character,—are the Wesleyan Methodists. Indeed this denomination has much more prominence in the country at large, than I had supposed; and though their preachers are not generally of a superior order, either of intellect or education, yet there are among them some of the most eloquent and able ministers in England. The two of whom I have heard most, are Mr. Bunting and Mr. Watson; both of whom are at present in this town, and have among their hearers many people of intelligence and respectability. The Unitarian interest here, though I imagine it is in a less prosperous state than in Birmingham, does not seem, by any means, depressed. There is in last Saturday's paper, published here, a curious extract of a sermon preached on the preceding Sabbath by one of the Unitarian ministers in this town, vindicating an amalgamation of Unitarians and Deists, and censuring as illiberal those who exclude a man from their charity because he happens to differ from them on so small a point as the Divine authority of the Bible. I am credibly informed that this fact is quite in unison with the character of most of their congregations; and that the question in respect to the Divine authority of Revelation, is regarded by them as an unimportant matter.

Among the Independents,—and indeed I may extend the

remark to all denominations,—the clergyman who seems to occupy the most prominent place in public estimation, as a man of bold and vigorous intellect, not only in Manchester, but in this part of England, is the Rev. R. S. M'Call. Though he has, for years, been known as a man of fine powers, yet it is only within a comparatively short time that he has risen to his present eminence. He is considered by those who know him best, as destined to follow in the brilliant track of Robert Hall; and by some as scarcely inferior to him, even now; though his age does not probably exceed thirty-five: and from the short acquaintance that I have had with the two men, I should suppose the character of their minds not dissimilar. In Scotland, where Mr. M'Call was principally educated, I understand that he is preferred by most people, as an eloquent and powerful preacher, to Dr. Chalmers. I was disappointed in not hearing him preach; but was present at the administration of the Communion in which he presided. He utters himself with immense rapidity, and in long and flowing periods, and has a promptness which enables him to turn every circumstance relating to the occasion on which he speaks, to the most favorable account. In his private intercourse he is extremely amiable, and while he converses with incomparable ease and elegance, he avoids even the appearance of being assuming or pedantic. I have been delightfully impressed both in respect to him and Robert Hall, by the fact that they seem always ready to appreciate, and to take pleasure in acknowledging, the merits of others who are far inferior to themselves. Though I suppose I may safely say that I have never had the privilege of conversing with two men of more

gigantic powers, I am sure I never conversed with any whose opinion of character, so far as it came under my observation, seemed more fair and disinterested.

Though I have been but a short time in Manchester, I have been here long enough to know that it contains some of the most excellent of people, and to feel a deep regret in leaving it.

I am, Dear Sir, with sincere regard, yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Liverpool, April 8, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR—I have, at length, by the favor of Providence, reached the port from which I am to embark for my native land. I came to this place from Manchester yesterday, it being only a ride of four hours. Liverpool contains a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand. It has the appearance of great activity and enterprize, and has risen principally by its commerce, within the last century, from an inconsiderable hamlet to one of the most important towns in the kingdom. For its public improvements it is greatly indebted to William Roscoe, who still survives at an advanced age. The Liverpool docks are celebrated for convenience and elegance, and were the first reservoirs and harbors for the accommodation of merchandize ever constructed in this country. Of the public buildings, the Exchange is by far the most spacious and elegant. Here is to be seen a noble statue of Lord Nelson, represented in the action of death. The Botanic Garden contains a noble collection of plants, arranged with great taste and beauty. Many of the public buildings and places have been pointed out to me, some of

which well deserve notice ; but I have not had time to examine them ; and if I had, I should not now have time to describe them. From a hill that rises back of the town, there is a fine view of the town, the harbor, and the river Mersey, till it expands into St. George's Channel.

One of the most interesting associations which I have been accustomed to have with Liverpool, is derived from the fact of its having been the theatre of the short but brilliant course of the lamented Spencer. His memory, I understand, is cherished here to this day with the most affectionate interest, not only by those who composed his congregation, and stately enjoyed the benefit of his labors, but by people of other churches, and of all denominations, who had any knowledge of him. Robert Hall expressed to me the opinion that he was decidedly the first preacher that England has ever seen, unless Whitefield be an exception. The congregation of which he was minister, now occupies a much larger building than that in which he preached, the cornerstone of which was laid by his own hand. It is one of the largest—I believe the very largest—of the Dissenting congregations in England, and enjoys the ministry of the Rev. Doctor Raffles, whose character as an author and preacher is well known beyond his own country. During my short stay here, I have had much pleasure in his society, as well as in that of Mr. H——e, a gentleman well known as an active promoter of the great objects of Christian benevolence, and also of Mr. H——n, to whom the public are indebted for one of the best books of American travels that have yet appeared.

I believe I have omitted to mention in any of my letters,

that there are few institutions which excite more interest at this time in England, than Infant Schools. They are multiplying in almost every city and town, and are regarded as constituting one of the brightest features in the benevolent character of the present age. I have been interested to observe with how much skill and judgment they are conducted, and the improvements of which even an infant mind is here shown to be susceptible. I understand they have already been introduced into the United States, and I am sure they have only to be introduced to meet the warm approbation and active patronage of every pious parent, and I may add, of every enlightened Christian.

You will be gratified in hearing before this reaches you of the recent doings of the British Parliament in reference to the Act enjoining the reception of the holy elements at the Lord's table, and in the Episcopal church, as an indispensable requisite for holding any civil office. It is matter of surprise that in a country in which there is so much intelligence and so much religion too, this abominable profanation of a religious ordinance should have been tolerated so long; but the truth seems to be that good and reflecting men of all classes, have for a long time, mourned over the evil, while the Dissenters have felt it a burden too heavy to be borne. During the present session of Parliament, the subject has been brought before the House of Commons, and contrary, I believe, to almost universal expectation, they have decided in favor of a repeal of the offensive act. It is confidently expected that their decision will be confirmed by the House of Lords,* in which case religious liberty will

* The House of Lords have since concurred in the abolition of the act referred to.

have gained a triumph which will mark one of the brightest epochs of British history. The Dissenters, and I doubt not, many in the Established church, already anticipate the day, which shall witness to the funeral rites of the Sacramental Test, as a day of jubilee.

And now, my dear sir, having finished my intended route, I have much occasion to review it with gratitude to a gracious Providence, not only for its favorable effect upon my health, but also for the many pleasant circumstances by which it has been attended. I am constrained to repeat in respect to the acquaintances which I have made in the various places I have visited, the sentiments which I expressed to you on leaving my friends in London; and I should certainly have to accuse myself of being wanting not only in gratitude but justice, were I not to bear a decided testimony to the good feeling and hospitality of the English, so far as I have had the opportunity of knowing them; and I do this the rather, as I am aware that some of our countrymen who have visited England, have brought away a different impression. I have observed also with great pleasure, that in nearly every circle into which I have fallen, there have been no other feelings than those of respect and kindness expressed towards our country. I have often heard our increasing national prosperity spoken of with much apparent satisfaction: and the growing interest which is manifested by the American church in the great objects of Christian benevolence, as it has frequently been the topic of remark, has always been acknowledged with manifest promptness and pleasure. You need not suppose from these remarks that I am becoming an Englishman. I love my country even the more for having been in England; but I must say

that I love England the more too ; for while on the one hand there are many things here, such as the cumbrous Established church, and the enormous taxes, and all the drapery of royalty, which make the simplicity and freedom of our institutions appear more valuable, at least to my republican eyes, there is on the other hand a great degree of intelligence, benevolence and piety ; there is an elevated standard of Christian character, and much laboring and praying for the advancement of the cause of Christ : the existence of all which I had indeed known by the hearing of the ear, but since mine eyes have seen it, I can regard it with a more lively and grateful interest. In turning my back upon these shores, therefore, as I expect to do before another day, I bid adieu to a country where I have enjoyed much in a little time ; to friends, whom I can expect to meet no more on earth, but whom I shall ever hold in affectionate and grateful remembrance ; and while I would say in reference to England, as well as of America, " May peace be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces," I would fain hope that the two countries may ever be disposed to say to each other, " Let there be no strife between me and thee, for we be brethren."

In the hope of seeing you and my other friends in America before many weeks, I remain, with great regard,

Dear Sir, your sincere friend.

ERRATA.

In the 48th page and last line of the second paragraph from the top, read *atavo* instead of *atava*.

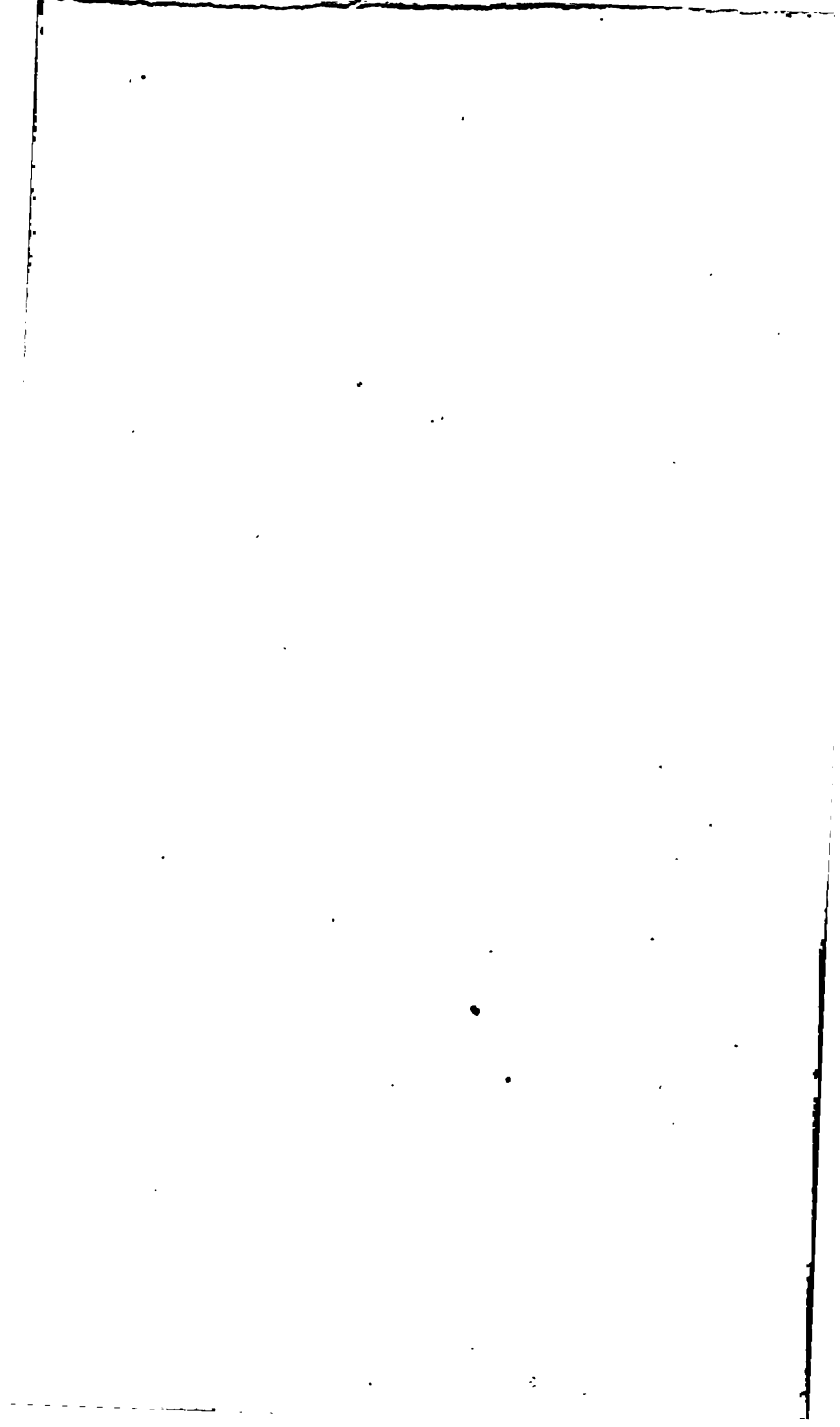
In the 51st page and fifth line from the top after *institution* insert *is*.

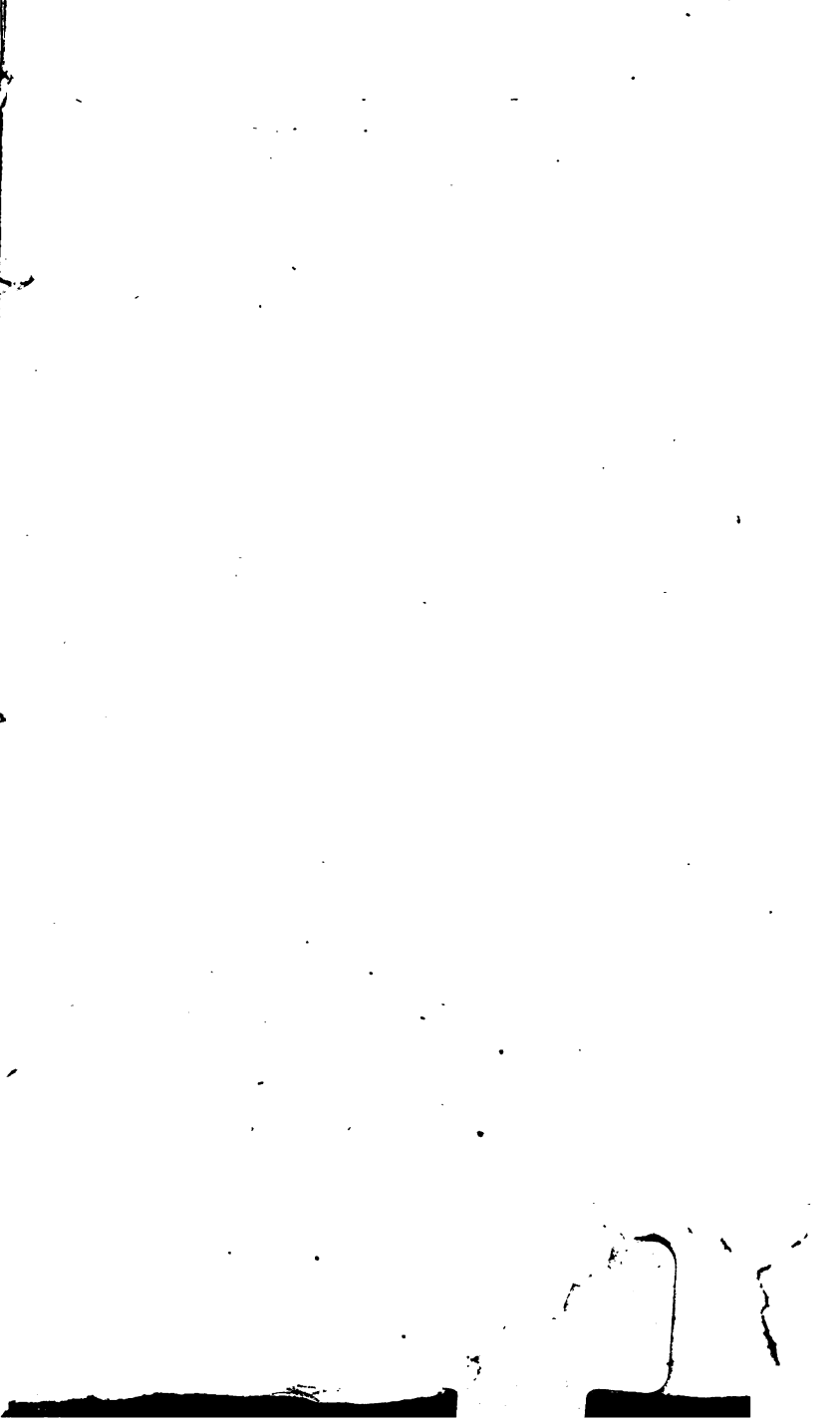
In the 53d page and second line from the top, before *immense*, read *this* instead of *the*.

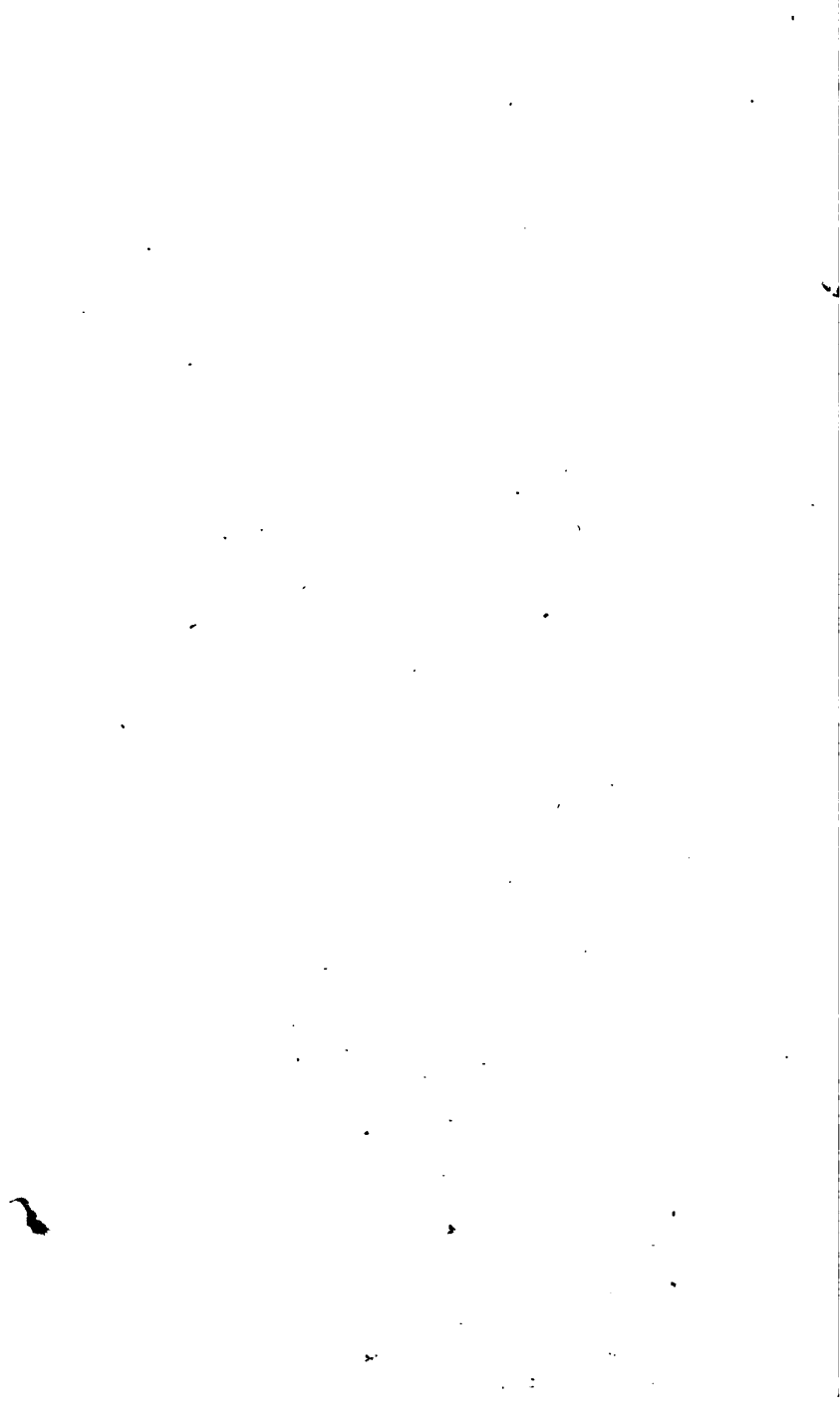
In the 92d page and fifth line from the bottom read *seems* instead of *seen*.

In the 99th page and fifth line from the beginning of the second paragraph, read *its* instead of *it*.











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